CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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WHAT ADVERTISERS WANT.

Circulation is valuable. Quality circulation is better. But —wise is the publisher who persistently and diligently educates his readers up to a broad appreciation of the value of advertising.

Building up the circulation of a big magazine is an expensive business. Surely it is only sound commercial sense to eliminate waste—to get the utmost value for your money.

Forced circulation is not worth one hundred cents on the dollar —advertisers need to know not only how much the circulation is, but also how it was obtained.

The time is steadily passing when so-many-thousand readers for such-and-such a rate can get any and all advertisements. Thinking advertisers are realizing the fact that hundreds of thousands of dollars are wasted annually in purposeless advertising and that this money can be diverted into producing channels.

Shrewd advertisers now ask not "How much circulation"? but "Gentlemen, where did you get it"?—Forced circulation looks big but doesn't pull—when ads. are keyed the difference shows up conspicuously.

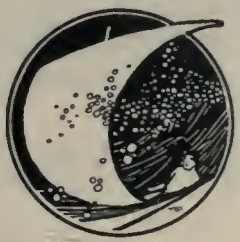
HOW SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE OBTAINED is a vital issue. It has direct bearing on quality of circulation. And the time is coming when *valuable* circulation—among *quality* readers—will win its own way.

ARE YOU GETTING IT?

LOVE SONG

BY J. A. SYMONDS

O SWALLOW, swallow, with the sea beneath thee;
How thy fair feathers shine, how free they hover!
Give me one feather from thy wings, I prithee;
Fain would I write a letter to my lover.
And when I've written it and made it charming,
I'll give thee back thy feather, swallow darling;
And when I've written it and gilt it over,
I'll give thee back thy feather, free sea-rover.



VOL·X
AUGUST

CANADA

Money-Mad

Part III.

BEHOLD the Westerner at his Sunday dinner. His board groans beneath the weight of bounties from far off lands. The sizzling roast has travelled far. The steer from whence it came was bred and fed and bled in Old Ontario; it went over the block in Toronto and the beef was shipped a thousand miles or so to give this man more brawn and brain. He needs the brawn to raise his wheat: the brain he has but little use for. The "praties" were dug, pitted and shipped at the pleasure of some market-wary farmer in Prince Edward Island: transportation has trebled their price, but they're none the mealier nor more tasty because of that. The other vegetables were shipped in from somewhere near Chicago. The contents of the salad bowl—green-stuff, dressing and hard-boiled eggs—had their origin in the East. The

Farming

by Rex Croasdell

Drawings by Frederic M. Grant

milk in the coffee came from the dugs of Minnesota cows; and the cheese has travelled around the north shore of Lake Superior. Truly the Westerner is cosmopolitan in his tastes. The farce of it. The man's back door opens on to millions of acres of almost illimitable fertility—every acre fitted to produce his meal from soup to cheese and crackers.

Think of it. The greatest agricultural area within the Empire *imports its own foodstuffs.* It is not "stuff and nonsense." It's true. The inwards freight returns of the railways prove it; government import statistics prove it; and the high and soaring price of your three square meals a day proves it. There is no excuse for the high cost of living in Western Canada. Western Canada can and should be self-supporting at the dinner table. But it isn't. What's the reason? Wheat's the reason; wheat, *wheat,* WHEAT ! ! The Western Farmer is too busy pillaging the productiveness of his acres

by continually cropping wheat to bother about raising breakfast bacon, legs o' mutton, sirloin steaks, broilers, roasters, vegetables, dairy produce and such like.

Under the present conditions, which give us vast areas of cheap land, it is perfectly proper that wheat be the dominating crop of Western Canada. But man cannot live by bread alone. He must have butter, beef and bacon sometimes; and he must get them at home-produced prices. It is not only the larger communities, struggling beneath the high prices of imported foodstuffs, who suffer from the wastefulness of all-wheat farming.

The wheat farmer himself is the greatest loser. It is an established fact that continual wheat-cropping robs the land of its fertility—and down comes the yield per acre. Nature demands that the fertility be fed back to the soil from whence it came. Nature intended the crops of the field for the beasts of the field; and the beasts of the field give back its fertility. Answer:—raise stock.

WHERE MR. McKILLICAN HAS A CLUB FOR YOU

Before we go any further into the pros and cons of this, let's have a little official confirmation. The Dominion and Provincial Governments have, at great cost, established Experimental Farms and Agricultural Colleges all over the place for the betterment of agricultural conditions. At the head of these institutions are men of merit—painstaking men of analytical mind, who dig and delve and deliver good advice. They have studied all kinds of conditions; have practised many theories; have sorted the practicable from the impracticable; have cast out that which is bad and held fast to that which is good. Not one of these men will advocate continuous grain-growing. They all preach the gospel of diversified farming. Take William A. Munro, who superintends the Government's place at Rosthern, Sask. In a recent letter he writes:

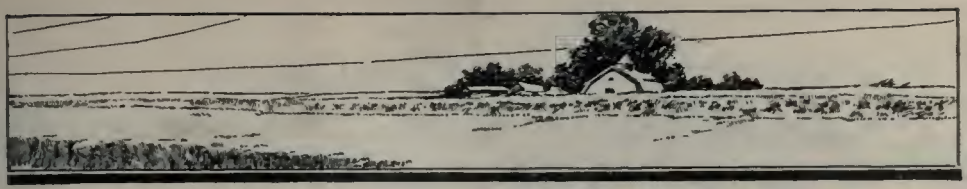
> Regarding the advisability of the general adoption of diversified farming, I might say that if by diversified farming you mean mixed farming, including the raising of live stock as opposed to wheat farming, it is the only salvation for this country, and *the only permanent basis upon which agriculture can be carried on.*

Then again, from the Experimental Farm at Brandon, Mr. W. C. McKillican writes:

> There is no question but that the system of growing grain only cannot continue. It robs the land of its fertility and its physical texture. For any system of farming that will continue it is absolutely necessary to have crops that will provide for the returning of fertility to the land and for the maintenance of root fibre in the soil. The system of grain and summer-fallow which gives such excellent results on new fertile land can only be comparatively temporary. It conserves the moisture, it is true, and that is important, but as regards fertility, it is only a more systematic and scientific system of land robbing.

Now will you sit up and take notice, you grain and summer-fallowers? You had an excuse all ready, hadn't you? You were going to say, "Well, *we* don't crop wheat *all* the time, *we* summer-fallow." Systematic and scientific soil robbers! Twentieth Century Captain Kidds cruising the high fields for plunder! Go back to the root-house; McKillican has a club for you. And here's another official warning. This one comes from Mr. W. H. Fairfield, Superintendent at the Experimental Farm at Lethbridge. Listen to Mr. Fairfield.

> That diversified farming will have to be adopted sooner or later in the wheat-growing areas in the West is self-evident to any thinking man at all posted on the results in older districts where the one-crop method of farming has been adopted, for the story has been the same with wheat, barley, corn, tobacco, cotton, etc. If diversified farming could be adopted in the beginning, before



the fertility of the land has been more or less depleted, a great gain would be made. On the other hand, if we keep on raising wheat exclusively, our land will become very foul with weeds and much of the humus will be used up.

PACK YOUR WHEAT IN THE HIDE OF A FAT STEER

There can be no doubt about it. Mixed farming—the salvation of the West—must come sooner or later. The wonder is that it is not already in general practice. The wheat farmer is all the time grumbling about freight rates. And yet he ships his produce in the most bulky form possible. He has never stopped to figure out that wheat on the hoof—grain packed in the hide of a well-fattened steer—will net him about $1.50 a bushel delivered at the stock pens.

And there are no haulage charges to deduct from his profits. He doesn't figure that a few hogs will harvest their own feed-crop, fertilize the land, and fatten like sixty while they do it. H hasn't inquired as to the proper practices required to raise mutton and wool at big profits, ridding his land of weed pests at the same time without additional cost to him. He hasn't milked a cow since the Lord knows when; and as to green vegetables—not the kind with the colored label on the tin with the colored contents—he has forgotten the flavor of them. Somebody told him, 'way back years ago, that he couldn't have any of these things, and he still believes the humbugging fallacy.

THEORY BASED ON FIFTH HAND MISINFORMATION

And yet there are ways and means of doing all these things with profit; ways as sure as judgment and as easy as stubbing your unguarded toe against the bed-room rocker. Take beef-raising, for instance. The all-grain farmer will tell you he knows a man, who knows a man, who thinks he knows a man who thinks it is unprofitable to raise beef in Western Canada. His theories are generally based upon fifth-hand misinformation.

Beef can be raised, and it's a paying crop. Don't listen to the old bugaboo about the cost of housing and winter care eating up all profits. As far as housing is concerned, you can fatten steers any winter outside with no more shelter than a straw stack, providing you feed proper rations. Your only concern need be the plentiful supply of water. As to this, you can sink a well and use a tank heater in the trough. Again, don't advance the winter housing objection. Steers fed outside from December to April have shown a net profit of over $7.00 per head for 150 days feeding. And this with absolutely no artificial shelter or any extra provision for watering. But don't take these figures as an index to your own balance sheet. You can do better—very much better—if you make some provision for a continual supply of water by the well and tank-heater system. Outside feeding has its staunchest advocates in those men who have practised it for many years. But the choice between outside or inside feeding is up to you.

Don't jump into these new practices without some forethought and a careful study of local conditions. The greatest enemies of mixed farming are those men who have tried it on the "any old way" plan, and who, deservedly, lost on the deal. Don't try to put good beef on a poor framework. Start right. Trying to fatten the progeny of a scrub sire is the surest way back to the old all-grain wallow. Choose your stock carefully. You will find prize animals at your fairs—at Regina or Saskatoon

—and for a very moderate sum of money you can procure pure-bred animals. The fair officials have done a great deal to build up the average grade of Saskatchewan herds, and will give you every possible assistance in selection and shipment. There's a big and ready market for high class beeves, and the high class stock shows double the daily gain for the same amount of feed as does the scrub type. The butcher wants carcasses with white fat and red flesh, and well marbled at that—give him the good beef-producing steers and he'll give you the bank-balance boosting prices. And remember this, the value of the manure equals the cost of labor, so the steer doesn't charge you anything for looking after him.

FROZEN WHEAT SOLD AT $2.18½ A BUSHEL

As to feed, you need nothing beyond the roughage of any grain farm. Ever had any frosted grain which went begging for a buyer at thirty-five cents a bushel? Yes? Then listen to this. 'Naught seven was a poor year for ripening grain on the Government's farm at Lacombe, Alta. The wheat that year was only worth thirty-five cents a bushel on the market. Did the well-informed and canny superintendent sell his wheat at thirty-five cents per? You betcherlife he didn't. The farm purchased a car of feeder steers and set them to work raising the price of wheat. The frozen wheat was ground and fed to the steers, together with such coarse and bulky fodders as were necessary. The steers were marketed in 109 days. Now then. After paying all expenses for hay, salt, etc.—deducting everything that wasn't straight profit—what d'you think that frozen wheat brought on the market? You'd never guess in fifty seasons. $1.28½ per bushel ! ! Jot that down on the tablets of your memory. $1.28½ *per bushel for frozen wheat.* Now, do you believe it pays to sell wheat on the hoof? If you don't believe it, write Superintendent Hutton about it; and ask him at the same time about his ideas on continual grain cropping as against mixed farming.

PICKING UP PEARLS IN THE PIG-PEN

Let's leave the roast in the meat safe and go back to the breakfast bacon. The pig-pen's the place to pick up pearls of profit. Hogs pay. Hogs will raise a mortgage quicker'n they can root up a hole in the missus's flower bed. There's a lot to learn about raising hogs, but don't be dismayed. Surely what the Prodigal Son could do while he was on the penitent's bench isn't difficult to catch onto in an off evening. The essentials are obvious.

First, choose a bacon type. Yorkshires, Berkshires or Tamworths are best for Western Canada. Have none but a pure bred boar—ten to fifteen dollars and express will bring one to you young. Grow your own feed barley, oats, roots and green feed. Get your neighbors going the same gait—car load lots from small areas will bring the buyers in droves, and competition in buying is the everlasting glory of the hog raiser. As it is with beef-raising so it is with bacon—avoid the "any old way" method. It is really easier and assuredly more profitable to do it right. Remember, the biggest money is in the bacon hog, and careful experiments have proved that a pound of meat on the bacon hog costs no more to produce in feed than a pound of meat on the fat hog. Get right into the better farming brigade, go the whole hog, and the Westerner will no longer need to blush at his breakfast because it came to him from the East.

Out where the alfalfa contest is in progress they let the hogs run in the field and pick up their own living off field-peas and other fodders. Corn-fed pork is no longer the XXXX gilt-edged kind—pea-fed bacon and hams are what the packers are paying the fancy prices for and putting up under the gilt-edged label.

Even when you feed wheat to your pigs and market it in the form of pork at from eighty cents to $1.00 a bushel, you are'nt losing any money—hardly—and combined with peas, its a good bet.

HOW TO WEED YOUR FARM AND GET PAID FOR IT

And now for the best four-legged friend of the grain-growing farmer, the sheep. Apart from all profit—and there *is* big profit in sheep-raising—there can be no doubt as to the utility of a flock of sheep on the grain-growers' farm. The flock is the solution of the weed problem. Weeds and sheep cannot live long together and it is invariably the weeds which go on the casualty list. The day of the large sheep-ranch has waned; the homesteader and the farmer stays put and the law of agricultural development demands that the farm replace the ranch. Now comes the grain-grower's opportunity to become acquainted with his best friends. Many intelligent farmers, seeing

TENDING THE GARDEN PATCH IS A PLEASURE TO THE COOK, AND THE FARMER NEED FEAR NO "EXTRA." THE COST OF ONE WEEK'S CANNED GOODS WILL COVER THE COST OF RAISING SUFFICIENT GARDEN STUFF FOR A YEAR.

the decline of the sheep ranch, have forestalled opportunity by raising mutton for themselves and raking in fat profits as a side-line. And nearly everyone goes around biting himself because he didn't start in the game earlier.

There can be no fear of over-production. The home demand in the west, curtailed at that because of scarcity of supply, exceeds the supply by over 100,000 head. The Western producer has an advantage of four to four and a half cents per pound dressed in freight rates and duty over the American and Australian shippers. The field is his. As to actual profits, apart from the values of securing clean, weedless farms, average figures are quoted by the Provincial Department of Agriculture for Saskatchewan. The figures show "average" profits only, but proper methods will multiply these considerably. A flock of forty-eight head, after making a very liberal allowance for increasing, will return a net profit of $132.50 per year. Not even the most prejudiced no-stock, all-wheat farmer can say sheep cannot be raised in Western Canada. True, coyotes *have* a mutton tooth, but a portable fence can be moved around in half a day, and a portable fence need be no larger than you wish to make it. No, there is nothing else to it: you must raise sheep—you can't afford to be without them.

DON'T "IF" AND "BUT"—GO AHEAD

See how easy it all is? And yet the West *imports* beef, bacon and legs-o'-mutton! And the butter, the cheese, and the vegetables; do not overlook the butter, cheese and vegetables. The general adoption of dairying will come in Western Canada. It must come. Increased values of farm lands, losses from wasteful tillage and the educational work of the Government will eventually awaken the one-crop farmer to the folly of his ways. It is a matter of time, and the sooner the better. The practice of dairying requires more intelligence than the average one-crop farmer ever possessed; else why isn't he practising it? There are millions of acres in Western Canada eminently adapted to it. Take the wonderful park-like lands of Central Saskatchewan. No dairyman could ask for better shelter, better water and better feed than is there in abundance. The only handicap is the farmer's own indifference; he surely cannot plead ignorance. The Government of Saskatchewan, for instance, has spent many thousands upon educational work to foster the dairying industry. The knowledge gained by repeated experiments is the farmer's for the asking. All risks have been taken from him and yet many hesitate and "if" and "but" instead of stepping out lively on the sure way to greater fortune. And this is the land of milk and honey.

ALL FOOLISHNESS? LISTEN TO W. B. LANIGAN

Startling figures were given recently to a Toronto newspaper by W. B. Lanigan, the assistant freight traffic manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who is in an advantageous position to observe conditions of import and export. The three Western provinces, according to him, are not doing their duty, and the farmers do not realize the seriousness of the conditions in which they are placing themselves. Vast quantities of food-stuffs are being imported from the East, from the United States, and even from Europe.

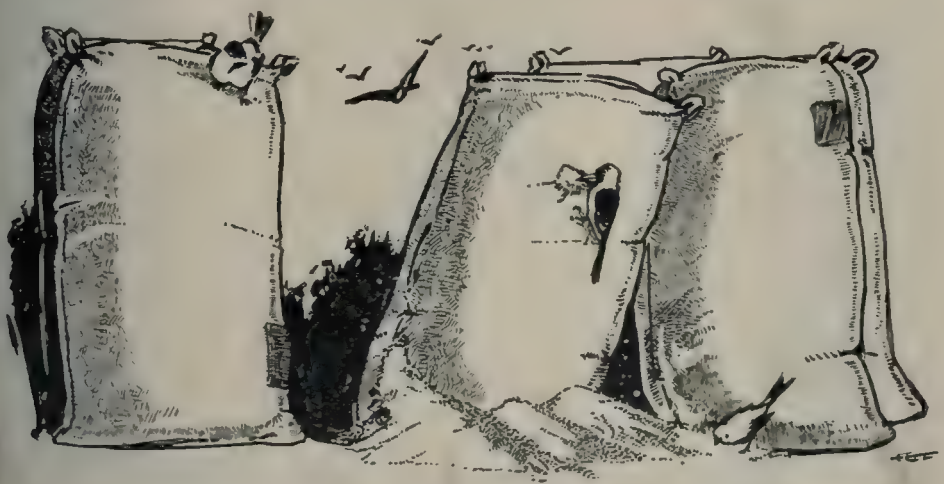
"Last year," he said, "one firm alone shipped in 1,000 cars of packing house products to supply the cities of the West. In the same year $10,000,000 worth of horses were brought into Western Canada from the United States. Again, between one and two hundred carloads of mutton were shipped

in for the mining camps of British Columbia, and a good deal of this came through Winnipeg. Also during the winter months of 1910-11 Winnipeg imported $10,000 worth of milk from Dakota and Minnesota.

"Vegetables for Winnipeg and other Western cities are daily imported from Chicago and the Twin Cities, and potatoes consumed as far West as Revelstoke are shipped from as far East as Prince Edward Island. Again, fresh beef is being imported daily, killed in the abattoirs of Toronto, and no less than seven carloads were brought in one day recently for the West. In other words, Manitoba, which boasts of its agricultural wealth, does not produce the stuff to feed its own cities, and even the farmers themselves are buying farm products. Eggs, butter, cheese and honey are imported from Ontario, Wisconsin and as far South as California."

Indifference alone can be given as the reason for the lamentable lack of the vegetable garden in the Western farm home. The selection of early maturing varieties and protection from the July hot winds is all that is required to insure success. The selection is easy and the protection will be provided free by the Forestry branch. The work of preparing the soil for the windbreak can be done on an off day and no other labor will yield more profitable returns. Tending the garden patch is a pleasure to the cook, so the farmer need fear no "extras." The cost of one week's canned goods will cover the cost of raising sufficient garden stuff for a whole year. There's no excuse.

And so it goes. The Western farmer *can* raise the Westerner's Sunday dinner from soup to cheese and crackers. He *can* produce bread and butter, beef and mutton chops, green stuffs and cream cheese. And when he lowers the cost of living in the cities, he will raise the income on the farm. Will he do it? Yes—when he wakes up.



LAZY AUGUST TIME

WILBUR D. NESBIT

ALL in lazy August time
All the world dreams on in rhyme—
Lazy rhyme that comes and goes
With the stately pace of prose,
Filling morn and afternoon
With the song the breezes croon.
Golden glow and golden haze
Gleam across the lazy days,
Marigold and blazing phlox,
Trampish ragweeds, hollyhocks—
All of them in drowsy style
Edge the roads for mile on mile.
And the grapes grow sudden-plump,
While the nodding sumac clump
Bursts into a flaming red
As though there the day had bled.
And the woodbine waxes bronze
Through the idle dusks and dawns.
Garnered fields lie, full forspent,
In the coma of content;
In the orchard lurching bees
Pierce the fruit upon the trees
And go cider-drunken home
As more foolish tipplers roam.

The Half-Caste

by

Hilda Virginia Jones

Author of "Motomachi's Memory," "The Cock Who Called the Dawn," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic M. Grant

"HE has gone," she said.

Noiselessly, quietly, the girl closed the creamy shoji, and stood, a slender, submissive figure in her blue-grey kimono, before her mother. For a moment she closed her smooth-lidded eyes, and then opening them, gazed silently, despairingly upon the small figure of the elder woman seated before a great copper-and-gold gong, puffing her tiny Japanese pipe incessantly. The gong was out of harmony with the tiny rice-matted room—where Christianity rules, what use remains for the temple's treasure save as a receptacle for dead ashes from the pipe, which even now almost filled its ample bowl?

"He has gone," she repeated slowly.

Still the mother made no sign, except that the little pipe glowed and faded a shade more swiftly. She was a Japanese of the old regime, schooled in the art of self-repression, and her voice betrayed no shadow of emotion when she replied at last, very evenly.

"Better for him—that."

"Mother!" The girl's voice quivered like a wind-struck harp-string.

"Better," said her mother. "It were better if he had gone long since. Now, he has learned all you can teach him—all—and it is better that he go."

Fusa made a swift, un-Japanese gesture, the long kimono-sleeve falling away from her rounded arm. In that that instant she looked curiously like her English father, and, impassive as she was by training, a gleam of remembrance and pain passed across the mother's face.

"Fusa—my little flower," she answered slowly, "your own most wise father was wrong in allowing you the friendship of Chio. Your loneliness was a grief to him, and perhaps, blinded by Chio's desire to learn foreign wisdom and foreign ways, he thought that you two might continue to be only teacher and pupil. But Chio is Japanese in birth and tradition, and now that your father is gone from us, it is best that Chio go his own way. It is hard for me to refuse you the joy of his friendship, but it is best. Fusa, your mother before you found that it was

possible to live in loneliness and be content. Your father helped me in those days long ago; let me help you now, my daughter."

Fusa laughed a short laugh that in spite of its pretty ripple had a hint of harshness in it.

"He has gone—the joy is ended," she said curtly. "What remains?"

"The arrangements with the Furokawa," said her mother quietly, looking up under her lashes to watch Fusa's face. The girl quivered and shrank away.

"Have pity, mother," she begged unsteadily. "Wait—wait a little."

"That is not the best way to forget," observed her mother gently. "Moreover, the Furokawa do you great honor, in asking you to be the bride of their eldest son. Such an offer will perhaps never come again to the daughter of the Englishman. If you accept it, your position and your future will be assured. You will never know what it is to be ostracized as I have been all these years."

"But you were happy in your marriage, mother."

"I was happy!" The words were spoken almost fiercely. "I loved your father—yes, and he loved me; but was there any shade of happiness in the marriage for either of us? At first, perhaps, for a few days—before he knew that his world disapproved, and I knew that I had forever lost all caste in mine. It is not an easy thing to make over worlds."

"Mother!" The girl's voice was tender now, but it was not heeded.

"There was a little joy; then disillusion; and then you came, my flower. That was the irreparable wrong our love did—it brought you into the world to bear punishment that was not of your fault. Our love—the love you covet—died then and there. And yet you have brought me the only happiness of my life. I cannot let you spoil your life as I did, Fusa. It will be a little hard to marry the Furokawa's son now, but it will be the best in the end."

"They do not know me; he only saw me once, on the beach," protested the girl. "He is marrying me for my face, for——" She broke off, and going over to the tokonoma absently rearranged the spray of plum blossoms in the cloisonne jar, choking back the tears that she could not keep from her eyes.

"That does not matter," replied her mother evenly. "It is a strong family, a powerful arm of the progressive government, and with your foreign education, your Christianity, your blood, native grace and beauty, and your ancestors on my side, you are just the necessary completion of what is best in our civilization to-day. It will not be more difficult to teach the son of the Furokawa than it was to teach Chio to love you."

"Spare me that, mother," cried the girl passionately, turning to face her. "That is too much for me to bear!" In another instant she had pushed the shoji hastily apart, and without a word of excuse or farewell left the room to the sole occupancy of the little figure before the huge bowl.

For a moment the mother's eyes flashed at the almost unheard-of discourtesy; then she shook her head gently, and drawing the little pipe from the sleeve of her wistaria-embroidered kimono, resumed her regular puffing.

On the tiny balcony of her room, Fusa stared at the great golden circle of the moon, and slowly tears gathered in her eyes, brimmed over and fell quietly as rain. To cry was an ignoble thing here in her Japanese home—at the English school it had been so easy. But here everything was different. For the first time in her life she felt that she could not call upon God to help her. Chio filled her thoughts, the long happy days in the garden, the hours that they had studied from the same book, watched the same flower unfold, learned the same songs together and all the while unconsciously had been learning another lesson—the lesson of love. She had gathered much knowledge for a Japanese woman at the English school where her father had sent her, and Chio had eagerly sought to know all she had gained. She had reached out just as eagerly for his companionship, outcast from her

"HE HAS GONE," SHE SAID, AND QUIETLY THE GIRL CLOSED THE CREAMY SHOJI AND STOOD BEFORE HER MOTHER.

own people and equally outcast from her father's race as she had always been, and found it the sweetest thing she had ever known. Now it had come to an end. Again the hot tears gathered and fell. She saw him again as she had first seen him at the mission school — a handsome, manly little figure, immaculately clad in his cotton kimono and sandals, black hair cropped short, and restless seeking eyes always alert for some new thing. He was a stranger in the school, and Fusa, the lonely, had championed his cause and helped fight his battles. Even when he had been made to realize the difference between them, their friendship suffered no change. He was insatiably curious about foreign ways and eager to learn all she could teach.

Then she had gone to the English school. The letters he had written her there made her smile forlornly, even through her tears. Such masterpieces of inexcusable English! How she had loved correcting them, and watching his improvement. The foreign dress and leather shoes she wore on her return to Japan only increased the boy's interest in her. Fusa recognized this, and gave it its due weight in her hold on his friendship; but in her heart she did not care. It was so good to have companionship, no matter what the reason or the price. Her father had fostered their friendship, and laughed at his wife's fears. Fusa had known that her mother disapproved, but as long as that disapproval was not openly expressed, she clung to Chio with a desperate determination to keep at least her one friend. Then her father had died, and now——.

Her mind turned to the day she had met the son of the Furokawa, the man whom her mother was urging her to marry. She had been playing with some of the bare-legged, bare-headed children on the beach at Negishi, and at last, feeling weary, had sat down on the grass beside the roadway to rest. An approaching jinrikisha caused her to raise her head, and her eyes encountered those of a Japanese gentleman in foreign clothes. Before she realized it, he had jumped lightly to the ground, and was addressing her in a kindly voice with just the hint of a foreign accent.

"May I offer my kuruma to Madame, who looks ill?" he asked quietly.

To this unheard of courtesy, Fusa had no instant reply, and he continued, "I am dining a little further up the cliff, and I am not depriving myself in the least. May I beg of you to permit my coolie to take you home?"

She tried to rise, and then suddenly felt his arm beneath hers, assisting her into the kuruma. She thanked him in English, and gave him her address quite simply. Then the coolie had taken her to her house, and she had seen the stranger no more. A few days later the first overtures from the Furokawa for her hand came to her mother. Fusa was ignorant of the name, and did not at all understand this sudden display of interest. At first she laughed; then when the photograph of the eldest son of the family and would-be bridegroom came, she recognized her chance acquaintance. Even then she refused to think seriously of the future, or of the Furokawa's offer, and her mother had bided her time to show up Chio in his true light of crafty selfishness and persuade her daughter to accept a match which she felt to be her dearest desire.

Fusa raised her head from her arms and looked out into the night. In the garden below sounded the drop and tinkle of the tiny waterfall, the cry of a night insect, the soft rush of a circling bat. The moonlight flooded in with an unfamiliar glow, making it seem far off, unfriendly. The girl shuddered and drew her kimono about her throat.

"After all," she murmured, "mother only wants me to be happy."

Softly she slipped her feet into her sandals, crept softly down the stairs, and pushed apart the shoji of her mother's room. There she sat alone, just as Fusa had left her, the tiny pipe bowl alternately glowing and fading. Silently the girl knelt beside her and tenderly put her arms about the elder woman.

. . . . . .

Next day the declaration of war broke upon Japan.

No one had time to think of marry-

ing or giving in marriage now. All personal ambition, desire and anticipation vanished before the country's call. The overtures of the Furokawa were laid aside for the present, the visits of Chio ceased, the business of the entire city was put aside. One thought only occupied the minds and efforts of all Japanese—the war. Fusa and her mother, following the example of all heroic and patriotic women, gave their little to the cause with as much love and reverence as the wealthiest lady of the land contributed her fortune, and the poorest her mite. Their energy, their time, their thoughts were for more vital things than the marriage of one girl. Fusa felt a throb of pardonable pride to hear that the Furokawa's eldest son led one of the finest regiments to the seat of war. Chio was going, too, she heard—as a private. Her slim fingers worked faster on the garment she was making for the soldiers. Perhaps—there was one chance in a million that Chio might be the one to wear it.

Even as she thought of him .there came from the garden a familiar signal, the one that she and Chio had used since their first school days. He had come back to say good-bye. She looked at her mother and rose to her feet.

"This last time, mother," she asked wistfully.

The elder woman hesitated.

"Yes, go to him, my daughter. Tell him everything—that the Furokawa want you to marry their son, that he must cease his visits here, and that you must say good-bye. Then, if he loves you, he will speak; but if he does not, you will marry the Furokawa."

Fusa bent her head.

"I will do so," she answered quietly, and left the room to meet him.

"Fusa!" he said eagerly, "Fusa! how beautiful you are!"

The girl extended her hand, keeping stern control over herself. "I thought you were gone, Chio."

"My regiment leaves in three days. Fusa, Fusa, I may never see you again."

She smiled lightly. "Oh, you will come back safely and have a big banzai and we will all be very proud of you."

His voice lowered and took on a peculiar, husky note.

"Will you be proud of me, my star of delight?"

Fusa quivered, half afraid, half rejoicing, all astir. He did love her, then. He would speak. She had no words; she could only look up at him once from under lowered lids, and the next minute she was in his arms, feeling his breath on her cheek and, his kisses, hot, eager, insistent, on her throat as she averted her face.

"Chio! You must not!" she murmured, half-heartedly pushing him away, but she might as well have tried to push away a giant, so strong was his grip.

"Kiss me," he whispered, "kiss me as the English do, Fusa. Give yourself to me, my flower, my beloved. Come with me to Kamakura—give me one little, little day out of the existances. In three days my regiment goes, and I may never see you again. Come to me, Fusa."

The girl did not move, but she turned blazing black eyes full upon him. Was this the result of her teachings, this all he had to offer? Her slender body stiffened, her look met his. As if she had struck him, he released her, and they confronted each other in the garden path.

"I am going to marry the eldest son of the Furokawa," she said calmly, and turning, she went back to the house.

"Damn!" said Chio, in English.

. . . . . .

The days dragged by, the long, long days of the war. The only things of import in the city were the bulletins announcing defeat or victory. Resources grew more meagre, prices went higher, the rich economized, the poor suffered, the eyes of the waiting women grew sadder and more wistful. Fusa and her mother lived quietly at home, seeing no one, hearing nothing of either the Furokawa or Chio. Fusa went about apparently unchanged, except that possibly she was more

silent than ever, and the little mother watched her when she thought she was unobserved.

Then at last came the news of victory —final, complete, decisive. Like the bouncing of a rubber ball, the city sprang into life; hopes, ambitions, desires awoke again; and within the week the Furokawa renewed their suit for Fusa's hand. She tried to force an interest in the proceedings, but she could not. When the parents brought her simple little remembrances she was touched. It was such a novelty for people to be kind. But when they sent her mother presents she was really grateful. It was the girl's one real happiness to watch the contentment in her mother's bearing and expression. She could not utter a word to break the spell of happiness that seemed to be settling over the house. Could it perhaps come to envelop her as well, she asked herself. But as yet she had not regained the capacity to feel.

From the moment of the Furokawa's offer of marriage, the social ostracism under which Fusa's mother had labored so long began to disappear. One by one, carefully, old friends returned to her life. What did it matter that long ago scandal of the worst kind had touched the name of the Furokawa's mother? What did it matter that Fusa's mother had married an Englishman? The Furokawa were powerful, the father a peer of the realm, one of the wise men in the councils of state. The son had elected to marry Fusa. His parents' friends must regard his wishes. The scandals of long ago must all die. Fusa's mother breathed again the air of her girlhood days, and was happy. She talked of the Furokawa, who was coming home in a few days with his regiment, of his bravery, of his honors, of his decorations.

"Are you not proud of him, Fusa?" she asked one day.

"I am proud that Japan has such sons," answered the girl, "but it doesn't make me love them, little mother."

Several days later she received a photograph from him, with a note asking her to join in his banzai. She did not feel the slightest emotion when she replied, accepting the invitation. She was more alone than ever—a woman with a human heart, human desires, longings, passions—a woman friendless, outcast, alone. Chio had returned; she had seen him disembark with his regiment, noted the hard-won straps and the gold, the emaciated figure and haggard face, and felt a wave of pity and longing rise within her. Perhaps she had done him an injustice; at any rate, he was the only creature who had ever understood, and worthy or unworthy, she wanted to see him again, to hear his voice.

Mechanically she joined the procession in honor of the Furokawa, in company with his enthusiastic friends, but its splendor did not attract her in the least. As they traversed the winding streets, she was aware that people pointed her out as his future wife, and shrank within herself. The splendid red and gold band, with its triumphant music, the silver balls, the great gorgeous banners, the general joy and merriment all grated on her. But she went through it calmly, and extended her good wishes to the Furokawa with the others, while he devoured her with his eyes, for Fusa's long days of waiting had not altered her delicate and remarkable beauty.

With the banzai a thing of the past, the wedding day drew nearer. Submissively Fusa accepted all the details her mother planned. Perhaps, after all, she was wiser. The past held sadness and a little joy; the future held—what? Chio's name was never uttered, and she had not seen him since he had disembarked. Fusa packed her boxes to go to her new home; burned the letters he had written so long ago, and gave to a little neighbor girl everything that could remind her of him. Her mother watched her with relief and stroked her soft black hair.

"It is easier to forget so," she said tenderly. But Fusa made no reply.

That night, lying under her futon in the little room stripped of everything that had been hers, with every trace of her life erased from the little house she had known so intimately so many years, Fusa wept silently. Her

mind and body were both weary. If she could only see Chio once, could speak one word with him, could tell him she had never forgotten! Her love was now a holy thing, as had she yielded, it would have been vile. Perhaps Chio did not mean what she had thought; but whether he did or not, she must see him once—just once to last her always through the years. She rose at last and went to the little balcony as dawn shot long shafts of pinkish light across the sky. This was the day of Chio's banzai; she would see him, if but for a moment; she must.

It was no easy task for her to accomplish the manifold tasks of her wedding day and slip away unobserved, but making an excuse she left the house and by a stroke of unexpected luck came out of a narrow lane just as the head of Chio's procession passed by. Trembling, she took up a position at the side of the road, her heart beating furiously, her eyes fixed on a familiar figure steadily marching forward. When Chio was opposite her, she flung a bunch of flowers directly at him, and he looked around. Eye met eye for an instant, —then, a sweeping courtesy from the slender lavender-clad girl, a salute from the dapper man in blue, and Fusa fell in with the procession, knowing only that when it came to an end she must speak to Chio.

At last the banzai halted. They were in front of the Governor's residence. Arriving at the porte-cochere, Chio took his stand to greet his followers as one by one they passed before him. At the very end of the procession she waited, and when the last one had passed she stood before him.

"Fusa! You, too?" he said huskily.

She could not speak, but nodded assent.

"It has been a fine banzai, and I am feeling very proud," he said, constrained by her silence. "I am glad to see you and know you are interested. You aren't looking so well, Fusa. Have you been sick?" His voice trembled the least bit.

"I am to be—married—this evening, Chio," she answered, haltingly. "I—I had to see you just once—I have missed you so. Chio, why did you never send me a word?"

FUSA RAISED HER HEAD FROM HER ARMS AND LOOKED OUT INTO THE NIGHT. "AFTER ALL," SHE MURMURED, "MOTHER ONLY WANTS ME TO BE HAPPY"

The man turned half away. Then he said, bitterly, "You didn't love me

as you loved your God. Why should I?"

"That is not right, Chio—you know it is not. I taught you I had a heart, but——. Oh, Chio, you knew I loved you."

A man behind her, a late arrival at the banzai, impatient at the delay, pushed her rudely. Chio did not turn, and the girl staggered aside, catching at a wistaria-vine for support. The road, long, hot, dusty, stretched before her, and along it she saw the kuruma of the Furokawa approaching.

She held her very breath in fear. Would he see her? Was all to be lost at the last moment, the future to which she had resigned herself, her mother's desire, her duty?

Not three hundred yards from where she stood the kuruma halted, and Chio, apparently unmindful of her presence, went forward to greet him.

"Ah, Nagasaki!" said the Furokawa, nodding his greetings to Chio. "These banzais are the most inspiring things in the world. I've just passed portions of yours, and it was indeed imposing. Congratulations."

Chio drew him by the arm towards the door of the Governor's home, with some light remark, but the Furokawa's eye was caught by the figure of Fusa, her face buried in her long lavender sleeves, her whole figure shaking with sobs, by the wistaria vine. "It is hard on our womenkind, though," he continued carelessly. "This is the second I have seen overcome to-day. Perhaps she has lost someone she hoped to join in a banzai for."

"It is a comfort to know that they weep for us, at least," answered Chio, and smiling, they passed into the Governor's home.

Fusa rose unsteadily and crept away, a prayer on her lips and a smile in her eyes. Chio had saved her; he had atoned for all that had gone before. It was his way of showing gratitude for what she had done—an act of repayment that counted for much. Perhaps—perhaps . . . The road no longer seemed hot or dusty.

A few minutes later the Furokawa opened the door of the Governor's house.

"Hiko!" he called to the jinrikisha man, "assist the lady to the kuruma and carry her home." He pointed in the direction of the wistaria vine, but the coolie did not move.

"She has gone," he answered lazily. "She was only a woman of the people."

WEALTH

BY CHRISTINA DAVIS

THE wild flowers in the meadow
Are blossoming for me,
The song of birds is mine to-day,
My love loves me.

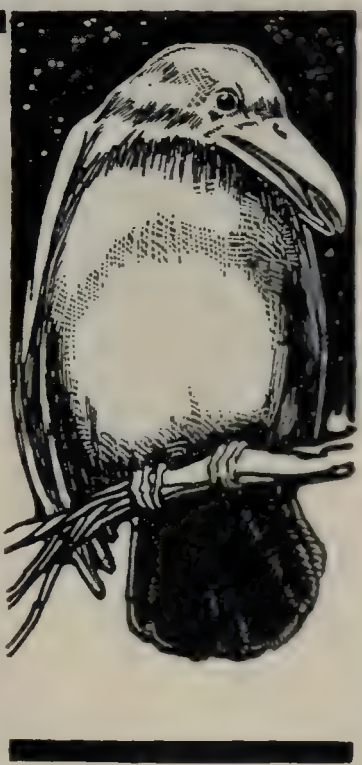
What to me are coronets,
Names of high degree—
The whole wide world is mine to-day,
My love loves me!

The White Crows

TO PROVE THAT ALL CROWS ARE NOT BLACK IT IS NECESSARY TO PRODUCE ONLY ONE WHITE CROW, AND TO PROVE THAT ALL PROPHECY IS NOT SPURIOUS IT IS NECESSARY TO PRODUCE ONLY ONE AUTHENTIC INSTANCE OF PROPHECY ACTUALLY FULFILLED

IN THIS, THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF THREE ARTICLES ON PROPHECY, THE AUTHOR CLAIMS TO PRODUCE THE WHITE CROW AND PROVE THAT PROPHECY DID NOT DIE WITH THE LAST OF THE GREAT HEBREWS

By William Dunseith Eaton



PART II.

MY first look-in upon divination came when I was eighteen years young, and correspondingly cocksure of everything. A New York Herald man of my acquaintance drifted along one day, uneasily drunk and anxious to get over it. His name was George Brown, and his manner of life was distinctly vivid. His father, a merchant in a country town, had to come forward several times and pay things up for him, on a rather large scale, relatively speaking. George's idea that day was to take a long walk in quiet streets. He thought I was the boy to see that he took it. I concurred in this, and we walked.

In a street noticeably quiet for even that quiet city, a sign on a house said a fortune teller lived inside. George was piped up to just about that kind of tune, and we must go in, and did. I had the creeps, I remember, and would have liked to escape, but the sybil was there and waiting, and I could get through with it more gracefully than I could get out.

I know now she was a crystal gazer. It was all new to me then.

She was an old woman, sad eyed, and snuffling, as with impending tears. An irregularly shaped piece of bright glass lay in her lap, and after a mournful survey of us, she sighed and looked at it. A few moments of silence and then she began on George, and scared him sober with a Cassandra warning—woe, woe! His own career was to be brilliant but short, yet long enough to let him kill his father. Not with his hands, but by his acts, for he would ruin that good old man, and through heartbreak working on a frame already enfeebled, bring him to the grave, where the mother soon would follow.

And for his own unhappy part, the cup would get him before his powers would have time to ripen. George shrank in his chair, chalk white, but he said nothing.

Then she attended to my case, and gave me a life reading, sketchy, but clear in the high spots, up to my eighty-fourth year—at which term, as she delicately put it, I would cease to take interest in the affairs of this world. In justice to that old girl, I must say she had it about right so far as my traipsing has carried me, and fixed me out with a comfortable ending, surrounded by friends, which I mean to evade, if evasion be possible, for I can't understand why anyone should want anyone else on the premises when he dies. It is better done solus, unless one be fortunate enough to die in battle.

However, being eighteen and cocksure, the whole thing seemed too trivial to engage the serious attention of a first class intellect (my own), and I dismissed it. But George's father died within two years, empoverished and heart broken even as said, and his mother lingered but a little while after. George's own life went down in darkness before he had reached thirty; and in the latter days of it he ate ashes like bread, and mingled his drink with weeping. Which made me wonder whether my keen judgment had not been a little too keen.

For some time that episode stood alone. Then, as a newspaper man, it fell to me to do a turn of investigating, for the explosion of a fraud. That was all in the day's work, but a few things came up that set me investigating on my own account. Sometimes it would be with friends, sometimes alone, but I pursued the subject until I had seen it in all its aspects. Most of them are rotten, nearly all are dangerous, none is understood by those who practise, or most of those who believe. For the thing is not what even its most honest followers think it; yet it carries a possibility of truth, now and then in some degree realized. Genuine prophecy is occasionally offered. That much has been proven to me.

* * * *

At that time a Mrs. Simpson lived in Sheldon Street, near Union Park, Chicago. She was a slight, nervous woman, a Louisiana creole by birth, the mother of a family, and held in esteem by her neighbors, as I learned by inquiry. My old friend James H. McVicker had heard of her, and asked me to go over and find out what she could do. I knew no more about her than he told me, and that was only her name and address.

The sitting was interesting, but the main part of it seemed to me at the time too remote from probability to be worth considering. This is that part:

She told me that in about three years I would find myself at the turning-point of my career. I would be standing on the side of a mountain, looking out over a rolling prairie, white with snow in the morning sunlight; that before sunset that day I would come upon an Indian sitting on a boulder beside a stream, on the other bank of the stream being a thick outcropping of coal; that I would take up or locate that coal, and build a town near by; that this would occur in "the couteaux of the Souris," and that thereafter my life would lie in channels utterly foreign to anything I had known before. The phrase "couteaux of the Souris" puzzled me, and stuck in my memory.

Three years later all this actually did occur—Indian, coal, town, and new occupations. It was led up to by a series of happenings in the city of Washington, growing out of my newspaper work there. The forecast made by Mrs. Simpson recurred to my mind over near the international boundary line, in a region then unoccupied, on a day that began as described. I turned a bend in a stream that afternoon, and found an Indian sitting on a lump of rock opposite a cropping of lignite—tertiary coal. The rest followed. I founded there the town of Dunseith, North Dakota, about fifty miles south of the site of the present city of Brandon, Manitoba. It was some time before I got the finishing touch in the

explanation of the "couteaux of the Souris."

The stream where the coal cropped emptied into a river the frontier people called the Mouse. I knew it by no other name. The little river where the coal was ran between low-cut hills sloping toward the Mouse. On an old Hudson's Bay Company map in the nearest land office the next summer, I found these hills marked "couteaux of the Souris." Then I understood. Souris is French for mouse. I hadn't thought of that.

FREDERICK WARDE
The actor-manager who figured in fulfilling one part of a three-ply prophecy

The old name has come back. I don't think the English equivalent lasted very long, though the French has lately been Englished. I was up there last summer and I heard the people call it "Souriss."

While my town was being built, I made a visit to Mrs. Simpson for acknowledgment, if nothing more. On this occasion I learned that still another change lay almost immediately before me.

I am by trade a printer. Though I had not followed the craft since my apprenticeship, I had been in continuous touch with it through one or another position of editorship. The new thing foreshadowed was to be a revolutionary invention in printing, described as a large upright frame, with something in it that would take the place of typesetting. It was to come to me suddenly, unsought, as though dropped from above. I was to take it up and interest others, and be the means of bringing it into use.

Within six months, one evening in the Ebbitt house at Washington, Maj. W. S. Peabody, a retired army man, told me about a machine in Baltimore that he thought had pretty big possibilities. I went to Baltimore next day and found there the first and rudimentary linotype machine. It was not known as the linotype then. I gave it the name, afterward. It was in trouble and a little shop, near the water front. The printers wouldn't look at it.

Never mind details. It appealed to me at sight as the first practical thing up to that time produced with a view to substituting mechanical composition for hand work in straight reading matter, and in that I was wholly right, as results have shown. I dropped everything else and worked fourteen months to pull it into the world—and succeeded, though for eight months I had to take laughter for my pains, and then for six months fight for a bargain

with the group of people in Washington who owned it, and who without some such deliverance would probably have owned it to this day. It was a rocky road that had no turning until I finally won the interest and aid of Melville E. Stone, now general manager of the Associated Press, then editor of the Chicago Daily News. Mr. Stone interested Victor Lawson, his partner. Whitelaw Reid soon joined us, and after that there was little difficulty.

It turned out to be just what Mrs. Simpson had foretold—revolutionary in the printing trade. It is used all over the world now. The inventor's name was Ottmar Mergenthaler. He completed by a process of reversal the discovery of that other inventor, John Gutenberg, who made printing commercially possible, over four hundred years ago; and the two names shall go to future time, together. Mergenthaler lived up to about five years ago, long enough to enjoy his success and the solid reward he had earned so well.

* * * * .

While I was trying to get printers and publishers to listen to me about Mergenthaler's machine, I traveled everywhere between Omaha and Montreal, and from the Ohio river towns to St. Paul. That was the time when I was getting laughed at for my pains.

I had a friend in Chicago representing a group of people in Scotland who had heavy interests in Canada and the United States, and this friend held to what in these days is called Buddhism. Like other men of that thought, he knew about spiritualism and its phenomena, and took it for what it was worth, knowing full well its unmeritable and mistaken side. I never have known a saner man, nor a more fastidious. He was not above visiting practitioners of the better sort, and in New York, in London and in Edinburgh, he knew of several who could not be approached save through responsible introduction.

Aboard a Pennsylvania train on one of my many trips to New York, it came to me to wire him for an address and an introductory telegram, and I followed the impulse, wiring from Harrisburg. When I reached the Gilsey House in New York, his reply was there awaiting me. It commended me to a Mrs. Hesse, in West Forty-Sixth Street. I enclosed the telegram with a note to Mrs. Hesse and sent it up by messenger. A reply came back appointing eight o'clock that evening, and at eight o'clock I was there.

The house was handsome, and in a neighborhood then next in quality to Murray Hill, so that I hesitated. All the media I had theretofore seen were poorly lodged, and this place looked good enough to raise a doubt. But I rang, and a neat maid came to the door and asked if I had the appointment for that hour. Getting the right answer she admitted me, just as a man and woman in evening dress came into the hallway, evidently from table. The woman came forward and said she was Mrs. Hesse. The man disappeared in the direction of the drawing room. I was shown into a small room at the right, well furnished and well lighted.

I can't say I had any specific purpose in view, nor that I was looking for any particular advices. I had acted on impulse merely, and wanted to fill the time. But if I had any expectation it was that something about my extremely doubtful business would come out, that being the usual thing on like occasions. I got nothing of the sort.

I had been a widower about five years then, and my little boy and girl were with an aunt in Kenosha, Wisconsin. My father-in-law and mother-in-law at Rochester had passed out a few months before, almost together, while I was up at Winnipeg on an inquiry relating to a railway contract. I had been informed of this, but no word had come to me about my father-in-law's estate, and indeed, if I had thought about it at all, it was to assume there was none, for he had met rather heavy reverses in his later years. That was why Mrs. Hesse's message took me aback.

She began by describing accurately the scene of my wife's death, which had come as by a rifle shot, in a crowded street car, from paralysis of the heart. This conveyed nothing new to me, but directly afterward I was told that the old gentleman had made a will under which my children were bene-

ficiaries, and that I was to attend at once to having the estate partitioned and these legacies put in trust for their benefit, a nephew being named as the guardian desired. The name of the place where the children were at the moment was boggled over and finally given up as being an Indian word, not Goshen, but very like it. Then followed a curious thing.

After my wife's funeral I had gone to a new house. In packing up for the change, I had been unable to find some of her belongings, heirlooms that had been in her mother's family in Germany, some of them about two hundred years. One item was a beautiful, creamy fabric of old lace, her mother's and her grandmother's bridal veil. Another was an oblong charm of old gold, used as a sachet, and attached to a fine gold chain. Others were a few pieces of old china and some silver. Careful search had failed to disclose these articles, and I had given them up as having been lost or stolen during the confusion following that swift death.

I was informed through Mrs. Hesse that in the store room of my new house, under a pile of trunks, in a packing-box bound with a small rope, I would find them all, and several other things that I had not missed.

It was all "so." Enquiry confirmed the news of the legacy. I did have the estate divided and my nephew appointed guardian of my children's interests. Search of the store room revealed the packing-case, with all the missing articles in it, and many more. I had never seen that box, nor do I now know by whom it was packed, nor how it came to be under those trunks.

There was nothing more to it—not a word about the enterprise that was worrying the life out of me. Mrs. Hesse had given me a mixture of clairvoyance and prophecy. That was all.

MELVILLE E. STONE
Who was associated with the author in bringing out the linotype

* * * *

Before the change that began in the north, part of my newspaper work had been in the criticism of drama. Toward the close of that phase of it I had reshaped several plays with approval, and had written one comedy that had considerable vogue during five seasons. Excepting one venture in collaboration with the late George Manville Fenn, while I was living in England, I did nothing more along that line until 1896, when the actor Frederick Warde, my friend of many years, urged me to try my hand again. I had long borne

in mind a possibility offered in a short story by D'Israeli, built around an incident in the life of Skanderbeg. I outlined the idea to Mr. Warde, who offered to produce the play if I would write it. I finished the script in June of that year, but the play was not produced until October of 1897.

Meantime I got into a business venture with some people at Cleveland and Toronto, and by reason of circumstances irrelevant to this narrative, I became the centre of a six-weeks' controversy between the spiritualists and the churchmen of Cleveland. It was carried on through The Voice, a high-class and clever Sunday paper, edited by Will Sage, who has since won wide notice by his critical work in the Cleveland Leader. While this squabble was in course, I became acquainted with several leading local media. One of these, Mrs. Ulrich, the first time I called upon her, told me with considerable particularity about the play, though I am satisfied she knew of me only as having written a provocative letter in The Voice. Her statement was made without hesitation, and included a description of the work, and an irritating prophecy. It was to the effect that there would be

MRS. MARY E. WEAVER
Who delivered one bewildering prophecy that came true

two productions, the first a bitter disappointment to me, but the second, "a long while after," a greater success than I had ever dreamed or hoped for.

Another woman, Mrs. Lake, a rather timid and retiring soul, but very earnest, gave me identical information, in the trance condition. Mrs. Ulrich had not employed the trance.

The first production was really a disappointment, or worse. I was ill of pneumonia at the time, and had no chance to be present at any of the rehearsals. I saw four performances, three at Columbus, Ohio, and one at Norwalk, before I had to go to New York on matters relating to western interests that had nothing to do with theatricals. In New York I found two of my associates were giving considerable time to hunting occult phenomena. One of these, Lowrey W. Goode, a successful man of affairs, formerly prominent in Des Moines, Iowa, was interested in "developing a psychic" over in Brooklyn. The name of this psychic was Corliss, and they styled him doctor.

On my own invitation, and quite privately, I crossed the East river one afternoon and found in Doctor Corliss'

reception room a singularly uninformed young man, a perennial fountain of monologue. He said he was the doctor's manager, and imparted a good deal of his own personal history. It was interesting only when it came to his occult powers, which had awakened sufficiently to let him see phantoms of men and women long since gone beyond. He said he was guided by one of these, the "sperrut" of Annie Bulleen, "that was queen of England wunst." This royal sperrut had found him in the gutter and by wise counsel and watchful care had built him up. The discovery that gentle, unhappy Anne Boleyn had taken to prowling the gutters of New York and forgotten how to pronounce her own name had just dawned upon me when word came that the doctor would see me.

VICTOR F. LAWSON
A distinguished editor, who was one of the original linotype group

He was worth while. I got more information about that play.

First, that I had written it in room 47, at the Kennard House, Cleveland, which was true, though I had to confirm the room number later by inquiry at that hotel. Next, that I had been helped in the work by James Hubert McVicker, my friend aforementioned, who had passed over the year before. Then, that the company was in dire trouble at (I think it was) Brainerd, Minnesota—which was confirmed by a telegram that was handed me when I returned to New York. Then, that I would have to close it out and wait several years before another production would be made; that this other production would be highly prosperous; and finally, that on an offer for the European rights, I must and would make an outright sale, because while the work would go all right in England, it would not do at all for Germany, where the English managers would try to put it over.

I saw Doctor Corliss that one time only. He passed away shortly afterward himself; and I am not aware of the subsequent doings of Annie Bulleen nor of her garrulous gutter-find. But to save the play, I did, though with extreme reluctance, close the season at Chicago in January following. It had been a solid agony of one-night stands, plagued by the ban-dogs of seasons past wherewith I had not been in any way concerned, distrained for the debts of others, and at all points discordant, unhappy, futile and unsalaried. The two points of comfort to me were that the play itself never had drawn an

adverse criticism, and that Mr. Wardc had buffeted his way through all his troubles courageously, as a good man should. The rest of the three-ply prophecy remains as yet unacted. I pray it may be as fully justified of events as the first part most assuredly was.

* * * *

Other instances I might give of prophecy fulfilled in my personal case, but with one more, I think I will have shown good ground for refusing to believe the gift died with the last of the great Hebrews.

In March, 1907, I had a bereavement. A woman of great gifts and a remarkable power to attract friendships went to California, intending to remain there. I think the position will define itself when I say I was left disconsolate—but I had no reason for thinking she knew anything about that. The same month, being requested by a fellow club member to do so for his information, I called upon Mrs. Mary E. Weaver in DeKalb Street, away over on the west side in Chicago. He wanted to know whether she was any good as a reader.

Within ten minutes after I reached Mrs. Weaver's home, I had been told all about my deprivation, with addenda to the effect that either in the autumn or the next spring there would be a return from California—the season was noted only by bare trees. I would meet her at the train, and without so much as giving her time for a change of gowns, would go at once to a magistrate and be married. I doubt if anything could have been farther from my wildest hope. It seemed impossible, and I am afraid I gave a dubious report of Mrs. Weaver to my club-fellow. But it came out that way, exactly, in November. This, of course, is a rather intimate confession, but its very intimacy should avouch it. Mrs. Weaver is clairaudiant.

* * * *

Thus far I have dealt only with prophecy wholly or in part fulfilled, falling within the radius of my own experience. I have not done with these, nor with the reverse side of the case, but I am going to include another, outside my individual radius, and foreign to the ways of civilization, but interesting as showing the presence of prophetic power and clear sight among peoples in an order of life less complex than our own.

* * * *

Above the fifty-sixth parallel and east of the Klondike there are not as yet more than five or six hundred white men. That is a vast geographical stretch. It runs up to the rim of the continent, and to the east it crosses the Hudson Bay to the Atlantic on the coast of Labrador. It is rich in soil, in timber, minerals and fisheries, and it will not long remain empty. But the white men there now are forelopers, breaking the way for busy populations yet to be.

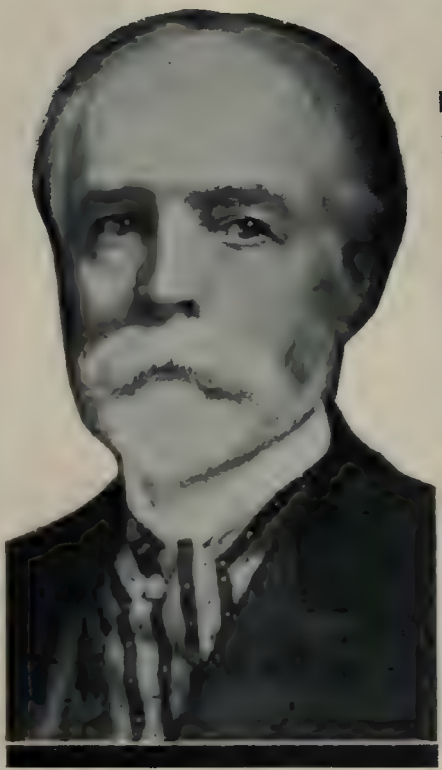
Among them is one whom I am not at liberty to name, because he dislikes publicity. He operates twenty-eight regularly organized lines of transportation, reaching out fanwise from Edmonton in all directions save south, and has done more than anyone else, perhaps, to break down the old solitudes and dispel the erroneous notion that the north is inaccessible and of harsh climate. In truth, as some of us knew before, it is a very noble country, wonderful to see and good to be in or to live in at any season of any year.

For a long time he traded independently among the Indian tribes west of the Hudson Bay, speaking their dialects and living much as they did. He is unusually hard headed, of level common sense and business ability sufficient to have made him rich, though he is still in his forties. The wilderness has not won him to wildness. He is enough at home in the cities to be unnoticeable among other well dressed men, and he is an influential member of the Alberta provincial parliament.

Without attempting to reword his story, I will give its points as he gave them to me.

We had been talking about the Indian idea of honor, and that sense of responsibility to invisible powers which enters so largely into the conduct of their affairs.

His party reached an Indian village near the Great Slave Lake late one



HON. WHITELAW REID
Another of the group of men who financed the linotype, making the greatest revolution in printing since Gutenburg

afternoon, and found a young squaw so alarmed over the prolonged absence of her husband that a wise old man had been asked to look for him with the eyes of the spirit. It seemed the husband had gone out to hunt a moose, and had promised to return after two days. Four or five days had passed and brought no sight nor word of him, and they were fearful for his safety. The old man went into what looked like an hypnotic sleep, out of which he spoke comfort. The hunter, he said, had followed the moose long and far before he got a chance to round ahead of it, but had killed it in a place which was described. He had cut it up and was on his way home, heavy laden with good meat, so near he would arrive that evening.

That was all the old man had to say, but it fitted with the facts, for before dark the hunter came in, packing a prodigious quantity of moose-meat. Three or four days later, my friend the trader and his men came upon a place corresponding with the old man's description, and there in the middle of it lay the littered remains of the moose, the tracks of the man, and the ashes of his fire.

This same trader used to have with him on his travels a half-breed of much taciturnity, who had a way of quietly leaving the camp fire and withdrawing to the shadows for an hour or two. Sometimes he would rise from his blanket in the dead of night and disappear, saying nothing. They never asked him why he did it, nor where he went. He would come back and roll himself in his blanket again, and go to sleep. But in the morning before they broke camp he would tell what was going to happen that day. Sometimes it would be an unexpected deflection into a piece of country with certain features of hill or wood or stream, and the reasons for it, and what would be come upon there. Sometimes there would be other travellers to meet, in surroundings he would picture out. These things always occurred, just as he said they would. He got the foregleams while he was in the dark, alone.

"Hunches," I said, when my friend had told me about him. "Do you never get them yourself?"

Half introspectively he looked at me a moment.

"If you were to put in much time up there, in those big places, so close to nature, you'd have hunches yourself,"

said he, and committed himself no farther.

Likely enough. I've known old prospectors who acquired a sense of things unseen, through lonely years in the mountains; and there are strange tales of second sight among the Warm Spring Indians and the Klamaths in the Columbia river country and British Columbia.

I told this tale to Dr. Carlos Montezuma, an Apache Indian, but a properly qualified physician having a successful practice in Chicago.

"All Indians know these things," said Doctor Montezuma. "Your spiritualists have nothing to teach us, but much to unlearn."

* * * *

In saying that, Doctor Montezuma sent a shaft home i' the clout. They really have much to unlearn, and very little to teach either to Indians or whites. Their media profess the power of prophecy, but not one of them, so far as I have been able to discover, knows what that power is, how it is directed, nor whence derived. The single fact of value to me in that behalf is that in widely separated cases, prophecy has been actually delivered and events have borne it out.

Professor James, of Harvard, once said in speaking of a kindred subject, that to disprove the dictum that all crows are black, it would be necessary to produce only one white crow. Now, real prophecy is a white crow for rarity. It is neither flying about where all may see, nor hiding in sordid houses or mean streets, whence small coins may evoke it. But it exists. I have seen enough such white crows to make a flock. Moreover, I have found out where they come from and how they come, and these things I propose to tell.

"The True Flame," which completes this series of articles, will appear in September Canada Monthly. It cites high scientific authority, and undertakes to show the course and method of prophetic inspiration.

STEAL AWAY

BY CY WARMAN

LET'S steal a month, love, out of the years,
While the red mathers are crooning;
Let's steal a month, love, out of the years,
Leaving behind all our sorrows and tears,
Hie us away honeymooning.

Let's steal a day, love, out of the moons,
While the wild birdies are waiting,
Let's steal a day, love, out of the moons,
Hark to the weird, lonely call of the loons!
I am so weary of waiting.

Let's steal an hour, love, out of the days,
Hark to the summer winds sighing!
Let's steal an hour, love, out of the days,
Hiding away from the world and its ways,
Soon will the summer be dying.

Putting One Over on Abram

By Ellis Parker Butler

Illustrated by Peter Newell

WHEN Aunt Rhinocolura Betts heard that Abram Wangle was sparking Clorilla Minch, she just held up her hands and let the egg-beater drop right into the bowl.

"Well, of all things!" she said. "Poor critter. You s'pose old man Minch has told him yet about Clorilla's feet?"

That was what all Betzville wondered. Not that Clorilla wasn't a pretty nice girl, who could keep house with anybody, and always had somebody to take her to the county fair and the Sunday School picnic; but when it came to keeping steady company with her, 'most all the boys shied on account of her feet.

Clorilla's mother used to say that if Pa Minch only had sense enough to keep his mouth shut, Clorilla'd been married long ago, and in a way that was true. Just as soon as Clorilla had some fellow all primed up to pop the question, Pa Minch would take him out behind the barn kind of quiet, and tell him all about the Doosenbury feet. Clorilla's mother was a Doosenbury, and Pa Minch said he'd suffered all his life with the Doosenbury feet and he wasn't going to let another human fellow-creature run up against those feet unwarned, not if Clorilla never hooked up at all.

"For forty year," Pa Minch used to say, "I've been up against those feet on Clorilla's ma. For forty year, young feller, there hasn't been a night I haven't had Maria's hoofs, ice-cold, on the small of my back; and if I hadn't been a natural-born martyr with a meek disposition, I'd never stood it a week. Now my back-bone is froze up and I can't bend in the middle no more'n as if I was made o' black walnut."

'Bout then, the young feller would begin to look anxious, and Pa Minch would bite another hunk off his plug of Battle Ax and go on with a sigh you could hear clear acrost the road.

"It ain't no use doin' nothing for my back, Doc. Weaver says," he'd explain. "I used, when we was first married, to thaw it out every morning behind the kitchen stove. But now Maria's taken all the bend out of it freezin' it up every night, and I might as well try to thaw out the North Pole by teachin' a polar bear to sleep with it. And Clorilla has her ma's feet, only colder.

"Of course," he would add, "if you feel for Clorilla, I know nothin' will make any difference to you—it was just that way with me an' Clorilla's ma. I wouldn't listen to any warnings, and the result is that my figger's been ruined. You wouldn't think to look at me now that I was choir-leader once.

But do as you like—only don't say I didn't warn ye."

Clorilla's feet were truly remarkable, being all that her pa said, and more. In the hottest August weather frost used to gather on the outside of her shoes, and when the butter wouldn't come, all Clorilla had to do was to stick her feet up against the outside of the churn for a few minutes to get it ice-cold, and the buttermilk would begin to swash right away. In cold weather they were ten times colder. She could have made money hiring out as a refrigerator, but Clorilla wasn't willing to work around, and anyway she was sort of flighty—just as likely as not to go buggy-riding if she took a notion and let all the milk sour before she got back.

But flighty or not, and with cold feet or warm ones, there were two fellows that couldn't be frightened away from her. One was Abram Wangle, and the other was Phillipus Googe.

Abram told Pa Minch that he guessed he could stand a small thing like a pair of cold feet, so long as he had had fair notice, and he went to work immediately getting into training. Every night when he retired, he took a fifty-pound cake of ice and slept with his back to it, hoping thus to become accustomed gradually to the temperature Clorilla's feet would be. At first he used to lie awake all night and shudder. Then he got so he could sleep, but had awful dreams of being a North Pole explorer with his rations reduced to gumdrops and strips off sealskin boots; and one night when he dreamed he was the cooling-house of a brewery with frost on his arms and legs a foot thick, he woke all the neighbors with his screams. But after a month or two he got so used to the ice that he didn't feel it at all, and at the end of the third month he began complaining that the Betzville Ice Company's ice was poor ice. Pretty soon he began to send north for his ice, and every week he got it from farther and farther north so as to get a colder quality. About that time the small of his back became so used to cold ice on it that it suffered with the heat when it had no ice on it, and he had to go around all day with a chunk of ice strapped on him inside his vest. It melted, and ran down into his shoes, and Abram Wangle going along Main Street sounded like a cow in a slushy lane.

There was no doubt that Abram was in earnest about Clorilla, but Aunt Rhinocolura Betts said she thought there were limits to unselfishness, when she nursed him through pneumonia. Aunt Rhinocolura is a strong-minded old woman, and although Abram cried pitifully for ice on his back, she put a hot-water bottle there, and kept it on for hours at a time, until by the time Abram was ready to get up, he was almost at a normal temperature.

Meantime Phillipus Googe had gone at it in another way. On Clorilla's birthday he sent her a fireless cooker, with his best love. For awhile Clorilla didn't see the point, but when he explained to her that if she cooked her feet in the fireless cooker every day she might cook the cold out of them, she saw it differently. Phillipus is a great hand to talk, and he took her buggy-riding and brought her over to his opinion real delicately. So every day after that Clorilla would cook up a bran mash real hot, and put it in the cooker and set her feet in it. At first the mash had a habit of turning into a solid chunk of iced bran immediately upon its coming in contact with Clorilla's feet, and then Ma and Pa Minch had to work for an hour with the ice-pick and a teakettle of boiling water to get it off. But gradually her feet began to warm up. As the weeks went by, they got warmer and warmer, until Clorilla couldn't get the mash warm enough to feel comfortable. Even when it was boiling hot, Clorilla complained that it felt chilly to her feet, and they became so permanently warm that when she put on her shoes they scorched the leather. Phillipus sent her some special shoes made to order, lined with asbestos, and began to fix up his house. He had it painted a pretty light-green with yellow trimmings, and got so he wore a red tie every day, and acted real attentive to Clorilla's ma.

By that time the very thought of cold against her feet made Clorilla tremble with fear, and she told Abram Wangle that everything was over between them,

EVERY DAY AFTER PHILLIPUS SENT HER THE FIRELESS COOKER, CLORILLA WOULD COOK UP A BRAN MASH VERY HOT AND PUT HER FEET IN IT.

for she could never marry a man with an icy back. It was just about then that Abram got pneumonia; and when he got well, he started right in training his back to like heat. He never allowed a mite of ice in the house, and instead of an ice-pack he began wearing a small oil stove on the small of his back. In a few months he got so he could lie down right on a red-hot range and never notice it. And he and Clorilla went everywhere together—to prayer-meeting and the picnic and the circus, and once Abram took her to the Fair. Phillipus Googe left off his red neck-tie, and acted meeching, but he didn't give Clorilla up. He went and bought her a new fireless cooker, bigger than the other one, and sent it to her thinking it would please her.

But Clorilla was flighty, and instead of appreciating Phillipus' thoughtfulness, she said it was an insult, and she never would speak to Phillipus again. So to show her hatred for Phillipus, she put the fireless cooker up in the garret and started icing her feet, instead. For hours and hours at a time she would rest them on a cake of ice, and they steadily kept getting colder and colder. As for poor Abram, he had to start in icing his back, too, and Aunt Rhinocolura Betts said she never did see the beat of that Minch girl for foolishness, and that if Abram didn't deserve a heavenly crown she never saw anybody who did.

Abram iced his back and iced it, and then he began to be frightened, for it wouldn't get cold. It melted a fifty-pound cake of ice in no time, almost, and Abram's ice-bill was something fearful. So he went to see Doc. Weaver and Doc. told him plainly that the sudden change from hot to cold and back to hot again had taken the temper out of the small of his back, and had rendered it impervious to influences of temperature. It was like a fireless cooker now, and would remain so as long as it remained at all. So Abram spoke to Clorilla, and she did what was right and began to heat up her feet again. But when she tried it, she found that her feet were like the small of Abram's back and had lost their temper so that they never would become warm again. They were like a sealed cold storage vault, and would remain cold as long as they were feet.

So at present it looks as if Abram and Clorilla would be separated forever, for Clorilla can't bear even to imagine anything hot against her feet, and Abram has to wear an asbestos-backed vest to keep from scorching his clothes, and he reminds you of the kitchen on ironing day even then. Uncle Ashdod Clute says it is one of the most striking warnings against flirting he has ever seen, for if Clorilla hadn't tried to draw Phillipus Googe on, she would have had a good husband with an ice-cold back for her to put her ice-cold feet against.

But Pa Minch scoffs at this. He says that from what he knows of the Doosenbury feet, no one with the family tendencies would ever marry a man she couldn't annoy with them. And Aunt Rhinocolura Betts says that for once in his life Pa Minch is right.

Pushing Ahead of Trails

HOW A COURAGEOUS WOMAN EXPLORED AND MAPPED HITHERTO UNKNOWN AREAS OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

CROSSING A RIVER LIKE THIS IS ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK TO MRS. SCHAFFER AND HER PARTY

By Currie Love

Illustrated with photographs

THE Rocky Mountains of Canada are fast becoming the tourist paradise, the playground of the world, and people from all over the continent, Great Britain and the United States have come to join the Canadian Alpine Club, which is establishing new records in mountain climbing. The Swiss guides, who used to go home for the winter months, are building a village of chalets at Golden, British Columbia, and are preparing to bring their wives and families over from Switzerland to live in Canada all the year round. Every summer brings ever-increasing thousands of tourists to view the most wonderful scenery on the American continent.

With Pullman cars to transport them there, luxurious hotels to stay in, and experienced guides at their service, everything is made so easy for the traveler of this generation that it is hard for him to realize the hardships and difficulties of the pioneers in mountain climbing, the discoverers of mountain peaks and lakes, who had to explore pathless trails with neither guide nor map.

Perhaps no one is qualified to speak

with more authority on the trials of these early days than Mrs. Mary T. S. Schaffer, the widow of Dr. Charles Schaffer, a famous botanist of Philadelphia. Dr. Schaffer originally went to the Rocky Mountains on account of the health of his girl bride, who was delicate and needed outdoor life. Becoming interested in the wonderful variety and beauty of the mountain flora, he began to sketch it for his own pleasure, but he discovered so many new plants that he determined to create a botany text book on the subject that any layman could understand, and for this purpose he and his wife spent every summer in the mountains. Death cut short his plans in 1903, and Mrs. Schaffer, with a woman companion, determined to take up and finish her husband's work.

This involved the most difficult sort of travel through the wilds of the Canadian Rockies, where no white woman had ever before penetrated. Mrs. Schaffer existed for two or three months at a time in a tent, transporting all her food, cooking utensils, bedding and clothes on pack horses, and living for days and weeks at a stretch in the saddle.

Her account of her many trips is interesting in the extreme:

"I was just a girl when we came here first in 1889," she says. "Banff had no hotel, just a number of tiny chalets. Tom Wilson, an outfitter and trapper, who had been helping in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, told us of Lake Louise, but it was not until 1893 that we summoned up energy to take the trip.

"Tom Wilson secured horses for a party of nine from Morley, seventy miles away. At Laggan we met our guides, twin Indians, whose names, I remember, were William and Joshua. They picked out the best 'squaw ponies' for the women to ride, and we made our way to what they called 'the lakes in the clouds,' since called 'Lake Agnes' and 'Lake Moraine.'

"We had to sleep in tents, with boards put on the ground for mattress and horse blankets for covering. I remember at the end of the first day I crawled under the blankets in my clothes, and then nearly froze to death. Mrs. Allan, one of our party, whose son, Sam Allan, was the first explorer on Lake Louise, brought me a hot stove lid and stayed beside me to put me to sleep.

"We had in our party that year Walter Wilcox, who afterwards discovered Consolation Valley, Paradise Valley, Desolation Valley and Abbott's Pass.

"In 1898 we brought a private car with sixteen people to see a lake we'd heard about that was 'all green,' and Tom Wilson provided horses and five guides to take us to Emerald Lake, where we camped. We were the first tourists to see the Yoho Valley, which then was not named, but was afterwards christened by Sir William Van Horne.

"In 1903 a prospector called Deutschman was chasing a grizzly bear over a precipice when he discovered Cougar Valley, and what was afterwards called Deutschman's Cave. Never shall I forget my first view of that cave. Deutschman asked me if I should like to see it, and of course I said I should. So he and his Swiss guide got a slip knot and, tying it around my waist, they paid out the rope at short intervals while they lowered me down the face of a cliff until I came to a three-cornered hole, through which I wriggled my way into absolute blackness. Deutschman was beside me and we dropped gently into another pot hole and so through four more until we stopped finally on what I thought was a ledge. I heard Deutschman say, 'Be careful not to hit me. Lean back against the rock as firmly as you can.'

"I did so, and felt a tiny ice-cold stream trickle down my neck from the rock behind. He flashed his pocket lamp, and there we were on a tiny ledge from which Deutschman's feet protruded over a sheer abyss of eighty feet with a river thundering below. I was standing on his feet, and he had his thumb in my belt, with absolutely no support for himself, not even a rope.

"I turned giddy and said rather faintly, 'Let's get out. This is rather getting on my nerves.'

"'Right-o,' said Deutschman, and tugged on the rope for the guide to drag me out. He climbed out with absolutely no assistance, and I can assure you I was glad when he emerged alive.

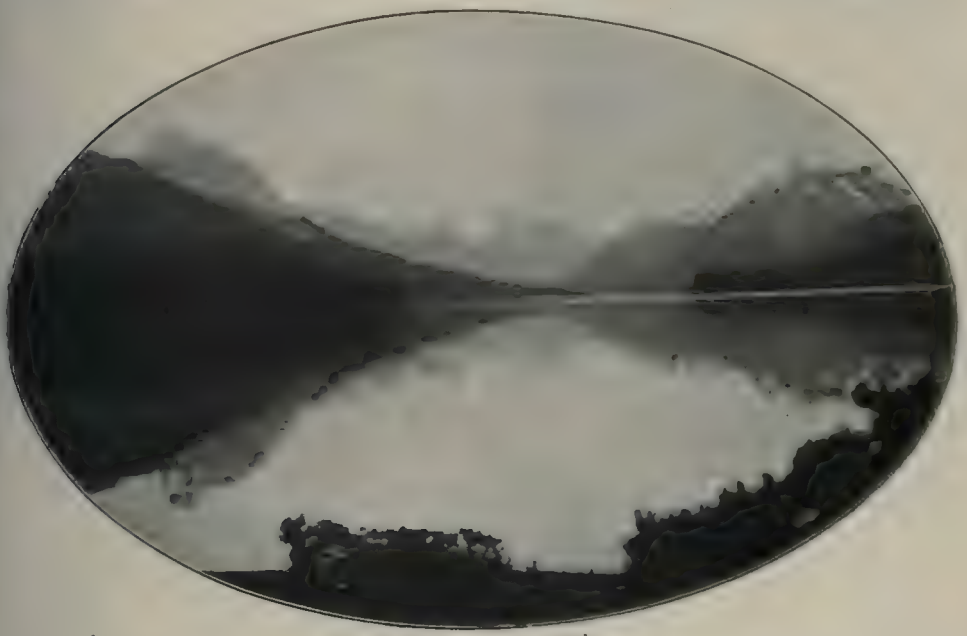
"In 1907 I took a four months' trip through the Fortress Lake district. There one night we had a rather thrilling experience. We had come to Baker's Passes, perhaps the most difficult in the mountains, and we had spent six hours in climbing one hill. At six-thirty at night we were 8,000 feet above sea level. The sun was going down and we had no place in view for a camp, nor had we any sign of food for the horses, who had not eaten all day. The poor beasts could scarcely move, and they were digging their feet into the mud to keep from sliding. It was fearfully cold and the outlook was pretty hopeless.

"Mr. Warren, who has conducted all my expeditions for several years, is not easily daunted, however, and he wandered off by himself to see if he could not find a way out of the difficulty. He saw a slough down in a gully about 1,000 feet below, and getting down there he saw the mark of a horse's hoof. In ten minutes we had slid down the slope, had a fire built and supper ready.

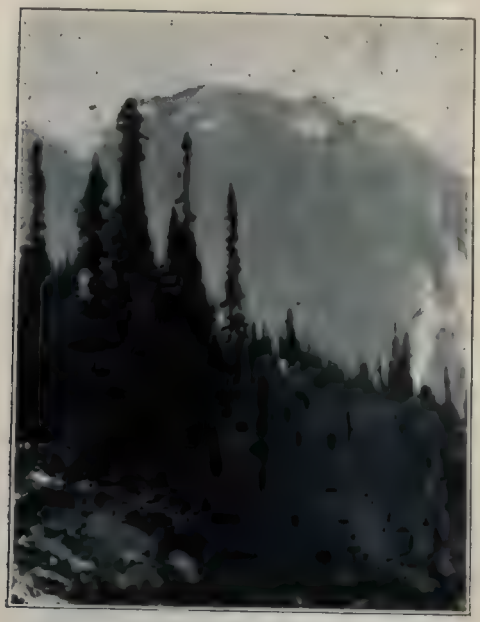
"Mr. Unwin, the second in command, and I tried the trail leading from the gully and found ourselves on Mount Habbel, just seventy miles from home; so next day we started on our homeward trek, and following the sun and the rivers, arrived quite safely.

"It was in 1907 that James Simpson spoke to us about a lake twenty miles long which the Indians had told him lay back of Brazeau Lake, and it was Sampson Beaver, a Stony Indian whom we questioned about the lake, who confirmed his tale. Indians have little desire to give the secrets of their hunting-grounds to the white men, but after two years' acquaintance with us, Sampson evidently decided two white women were to be trusted, for, after a few tactful questions, he quickly sketched a crude map of the desired section, and gave us sundry advice on the subject in still more crude English.

"It was not until June, 1908, however, that we again ventured into the wilderness, armed with the little map



THE LAKE AT LAST!



WE PITCHED OUR TENTS AT THE EDGE OF A FINE FOREST OF SPRUCE

and carrying with us three guides, a botanist, and twenty-two horses. June was an early start, and we found much of our trail heavily clad in the winter's snow. Horse feed was very scarce, and the going was heavy for the saddle ponies.

"On July third we came to an apology for feed in an high valley. When camp had been set, three started out in different directions to see if any point of vantage would show the mysterious lake. All returned with the dismal intelligence that the valley was a blind and no lake to be seen from the highest point reached. We felt slightly discouraged.

"I wrote in my diary next day: 'July 4th.—Last night depression reached its lowest ebb. No lake, and little food for the horses. Thermometer at 30 and such a wind blowing that the tent, air-beds and occupants threatened to depart into the valley below. Nothing but pegging, reinforced by rocks, prevented such a catastrophe. Woke at six-thirty to the call of "hot water," and finally mustered courage to creep from beneath the warm blankets. The glorious fourth! I can hear the patriotic youngsters at home. I can imagine the hot sun. And here are we with the aneroid registering 7,250 feet, with great fleecy clouds rolling and rushing across the sky from the valley of the Su Wapta and reaching our eyrie, whipping and lashing us with their millions of flakes.'

"On that day's travel we struck the division of the trail. We took the one turning sharply into the right, to a notch of hills, a trail I believe no white foot ever trod before. At the end of a day's hard, fatiguing travel, we came to a musical stream and named valley and creek 'Independence,' out of compliment to the day.

"The next day we discovered a trail leading off to a pass at the left of Independence Valley, and we took it. The pass was 7,300 feet high, and the snows very heavy, so that the horses stumbled and plunged through it very slowly. Then suddenly there burst upon us such a valley as I never saw before even in this country of valleys. From our very feet it stretched before us in limitless miles of green, green, green. As far as the eye could see there was no scar from fire. Out of the snow we waded down through fields of trollius, caltha and pulsatilla, and finally where the first carpet of grass had recently sprung.

"On July 7th we pitched our tents at the edge of a fine forest of spruce, and at lunch our Alpine climber announced he meant to take the field glasses and climb until he was sure whether that lake was within a radius of fifty miles or not. He stumbled into camp that night at ten-thirty, having walked twenty miles over the worst possible ground.

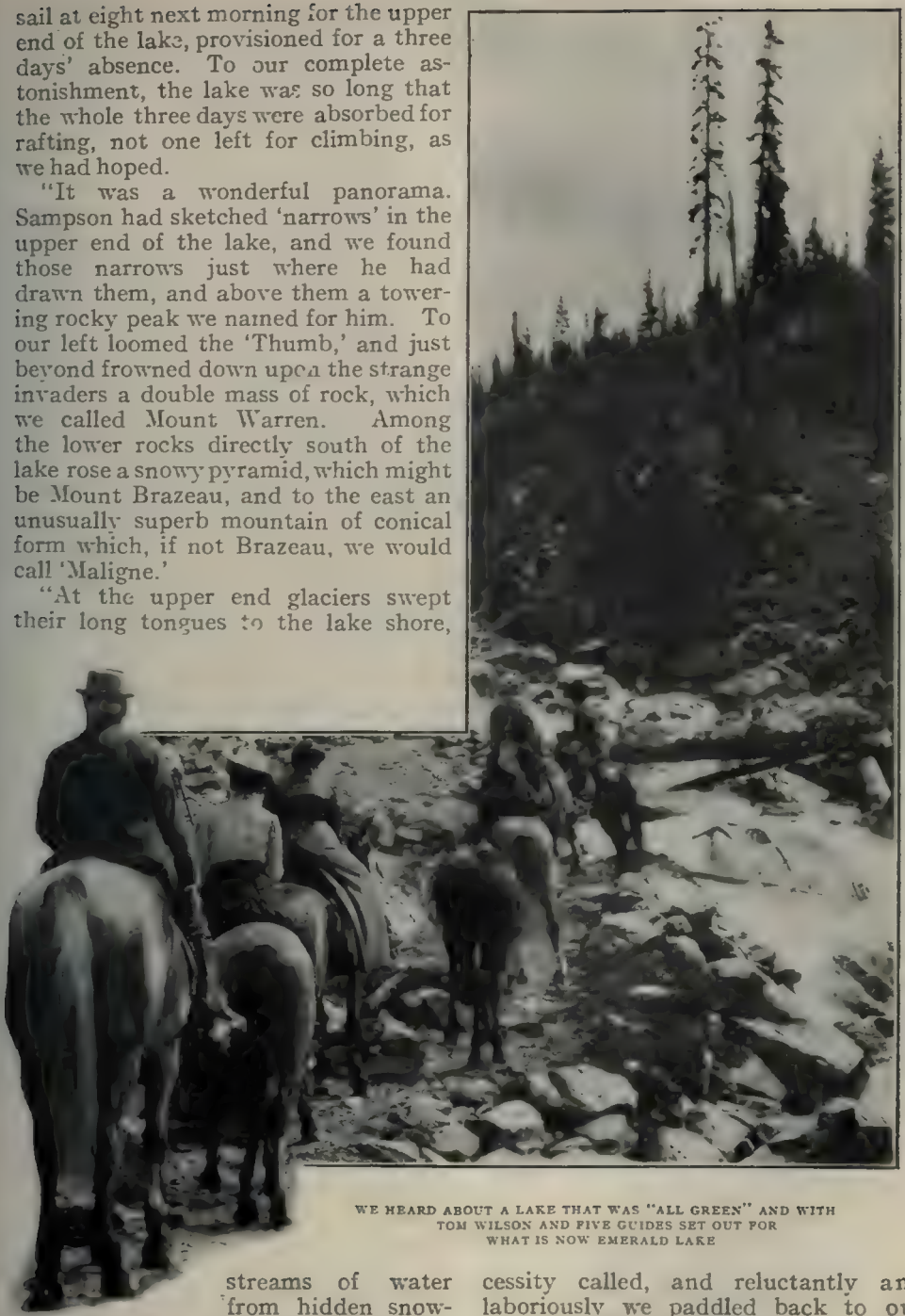
"He had eventually reached a point where the aneroid registered 8,750 feet, when the lake suddenly burst into view from a long valley at his feet, and he knew his hard work was rewarded.

"Crossing the somewhat formidable river flowing through the green valley, a perfect Paradise was found for the horses, and busy hands turned to constructing a raft to explore the lake. On the evening of the ninth, we were informed that H. M. S. Chaba would

sail at eight next morning for the upper end of the lake, provisioned for a three days' absence. To our complete astonishment, the lake was so long that the whole three days were absorbed for rafting, not one left for climbing, as we had hoped.

"It was a wonderful panorama. Sampson had sketched 'narrows' in the upper end of the lake, and we found those narrows just where he had drawn them, and above them a towering rocky peak we named for him. To our left loomed the 'Thumb,' and just beyond frowned down upon the strange invaders a double mass of rock, which we called Mount Warren. Among the lower rocks directly south of the lake rose a snowy pyramid, which might be Mount Brazeau, and to the east an unusually superb mountain of conical form which, if not Brazeau, we would call 'Maligne.'

"At the upper end glaciers swept their long tongues to the lake shore,



WE HEARD ABOUT A LAKE THAT WAS "ALL GREEN" AND WITH TOM WILSON AND FIVE GUIDES SET OUT FOR WHAT IS NOW EMERALD LAKE

streams of water from hidden snowfields reached the brink and tossed themselves hundreds of feet over vertical cliffs. Little deep green coves bade us slip among them and rest, but necessity called, and reluctantly and laboriously we paddled back to our horses and pork and beans.

"Camping for a few days at the lower end of the lake, where, by the way, is an inexhaustible camp ground, we

MOUNT ROBSON, THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE CANADIAN

calculated the sheet of water to be at least twenty miles long, found that a river which came from it fell by steep and dangerous rapids for a length of twelve miles to Medicine Lake, and from there as Maligne River, on the maps, flowed into the Athabasca about eleven miles away.

"And that was the very first view any 'paleface' ever had of the lake we called 'Maligne'.

"Game trails were numerous, the ripped logs bespeaking Bruin's presence, and the river sands marked by tracks of deer, sheep, goats, lynx and the smaller animals. The flora changed perceptibly and the large, luxurious strawberries made a delicious daily feast.

"On July 24th, with sunlight and cloud shadows chasing each other across the rippled surface of the lake,

ROCKIES, 13,700 FEET

creeping up the green mountain slopes and dying away behind the peaks, we said farewell to one of the most beautiful scenes that even we, who have traveled so many of these valleys, have ever seen, and began our toilsome journey back to civilization again.

"But instead of going back to railways and bath-tubs direct, we decided that we would take a look at the Mount Robson country, and on July 29th we waved good-bye to companions of our seven weeks of pleasure and hardships, of sunshine and rain, and headed in another direction for a glimpse of the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, and a meal at Tete Jaune Cache.

"Tete Jaune Cache, by the way, is sentinelled by 'Swift's,' and Swift is something of a character. Yankee-born—from Ohio—he has married a squaw and is the father of four dusky children. On his land he has the water-power for a mill and hopes that this part of his property will be selected for a townsite some day. Thus he looks forward to riches, and in the meantime hitches up a broken 'gallus' with a nail.

"Swift is more than a stray settler. He is a fore-runner of the future, a type of the man who moves forward before the railway, a true pioneer of a country that has lain waiting for Ali Baba to say 'Open Sesame,' these many thousand years. To-morrow there will be orchard and wheatfield spread where the wild deeer feed now, but it will not be half the fun for the mountain-climber. We turned up the valley with rather sober expressions, and set our faces again to the wilds."

"Woman's only world is love; man's only love is the world," says a cynical French proverb, but Mrs. Schaffer calmly disproves it. These extracts from her diary are typical, and picture as no mere author's description could do the life that she elects to lead for months out of every year. It is a life that would have little appeal to the average woman whose time is divided between her dressmaker's, her clubs and the management of her maids, but to Mrs. Schaffer it is a life she loves. Her work of exploration and mapping is extensive, her knowledge of the Canadian Rockies as wide as that of most men, and her courage has never been questioned — the episode of Deutschman's Cave, which she narrates so calmly, is only one of her many adventures in the roughest and most dangerous parts of the Canadian Rockies..

Cultus Jim: A Tale of the Cariboo Road

By E. Albert Orchard

Illustrated by V. A. Barnes

WE had been discussing Cultus Jim, the worst "bad Injun" on the whole Cariboo road, and my companion had seen fit to correct my interpretation of the adjective "cultus."

" 'Tain't no Latin, as you call it, 'tis straight Chinook, and it don't mean refined at all, leastways, not with Injuns. It just means 'no good,' and worse, 'cause there's no word for it in English that's bad enough. I tell y' what, edjacashun's all right fer a feller what's got to work in a offus, but 'tain't much good out here when you've got ta do the razzle-dazzle with a pick an' shovel an' so on." A comprehensive sweep of the arm rounded off the sage remark, and my garrulous old friend, Sam Jones—one-time miner in a South Wales colliery—settled his eyes wistfully on a piece of quartz, emblem of his present calling in the west, and mechanically refreshed himself with a nibble at his "blackstrap."

"Talkin' o' Jim 'minds me," he went on, "of a feller we used to call Big Jack. Jack Kenway his right name was. Mebbe you've heard o' him, years afore yore time though. He was a well-edjacated man in his day, but it didn't do him much good. We crossed the Plains together 'long in the fifties; wuz in 'Frisco in '51 when things were goin' lively. Make money? Na-ah!" he drawled derisively. "Blowed it faster'n we cud make it. But we had some pretty good times, though, an' no one need to go broke fer a dollar if pore ol' Jack had it. Anyway, to cut a long story short, he an' me an' a few others come up to Cariboo in '61. We worked on William's Creek for quite a while, but never seemed to strike it good, so Jack took to teamin'. When he started in at it he didn't know no more about a mewl-team than a two-year old, but he teamed awhile up an' down the road with Mexican Pete till Pete got put out of business by the Injuns at Kanaka Bar. Then Jack took over the whole outfit on his own, and say, talk o' skinnin' mewls! Why, he got at last so he on'y had to whisper an' they'd fairly jump out'n their hides. A-a-nd drive! I believe he cud tie 'em in a knot an' untangle 'em again with his bull-whip. But swearin' was Jack's long suit. He cud talk to his 'babies' as he called 'em in Mexican an' half a dozen other langwidges in a way 'ud make yer hair rise. That wuz one time I seen edjacashun come useful to a man." At this point he shifted his quid to the other cheek.

"If ever Big Jack got into a scrap," he went on, "an' that warn't often, he allus did his man up. Why, he had a fist like a ham; stood jest six feet four in his moccasins, with a head an' shoulders like a bull. Pore ol' Jack!

D'you know," he continued reflectively, "I allus had a kind o' sneakin' idee that the same Cultus Jim we was a-talkin' of knowed more about what come o' Jack than he ever let on. But, Lord, what cud we do? Jack goes up with a load to Barkerville, comes back safe again so far as this and disappears. Clean gone! We hunted everywhere at the time, but no, sir, it wuz good-bye, Jack. Strange, too, very strange; no whisky spree, no hold-up, no nothin'. All we found wuz his mewl-team, tangled up in the gulch jest up the road a piece."

In the spring following our conversation, that is to say, in '92, Sam was blown over the "Great Divide" by a premature blast, and perhaps it was as well for Cultus Jim that it so happened, for this is what Jim told me a year later as we sat on the steps of the store one morning after I had swept out in readiness for the desultory business of the day. This was, of course, many years after the Big Jack episode.

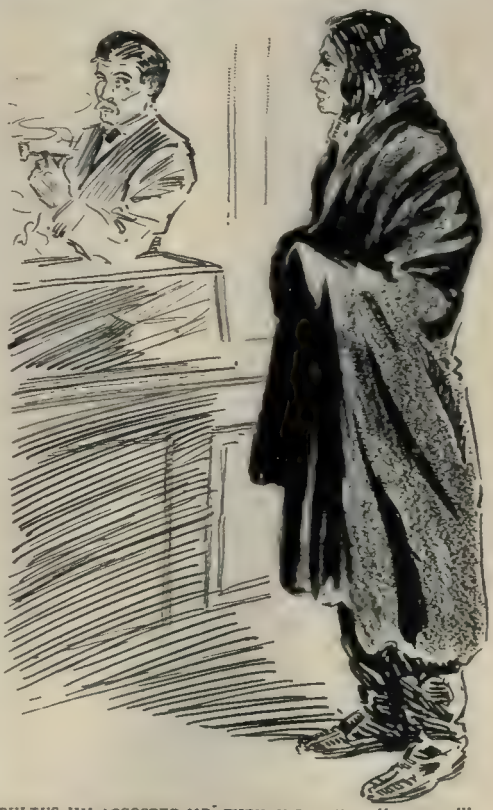
The store business had been gradually dwindling ever since the days of the railway construction, when hundred of dollars used to go over the busy counters daily, and the boss, "Honest Old John"—than whom was none better—was getting very shaky. Torn betwixt an affection of the foot, which kept our stock of patent medicines in a constant state of depletion, and a spiritual conviction imbibed from the outriders of the Salvation Army, which affected his cash account in a similar manner, his latter days were, I fear, a hard struggle. Yet one lasting memento at least remains of him, in the shape of a beautiful orchard and ranch extending from the store to the base of the mountain and almost a mile up the road.

On the particular morning I have mentioned, Cultus Jim had walked up from the Rancherie, or Indian settlement, situated a mile down the river, and accosted me with his usual "Huh-hh!" "Klahowyah" was too long and friendly a form of greeting for Jim, even though addressing the "Store Man," who was always his "Skookum Tillicum." Then he squatted down beside me and, inveterate old cadger that he was, promptly asked me "Bacca stop?"

Yes, tobacco I had, so I handed him my plug. He drew his hunting knife and, cutting off a liberal supply, mixed it with some dried "kannicanic" from a large buckskin pouch hanging shoulderwise; then, drawing forth a long pipe with stone bowl, proceeded to light up.

Being an ardent fisherman, I judged from the now less unamiable expression on his face that I might venture a question.

Some three miles up the river a high rock stood at the water's edge, and I casually mentioned it as a likely spot, perhaps, to get one of the large trout that are so often met with in these waters. The whole weight of the river here throws itself against the rock, or did then, only to be deflected in an angry turmoil back into midstream again, leaving on the inside a grand eddy, black, deep and dangerous. God help



CULTUS JIM ACCOSTED ME WITH HIS USUAL "HUH-HH!" "KLAHOWYAH!" BEING TOO LONG A GREETING

the man who should ever slip off that rocky ledge!

I uttered this thought aloud to Jim for I knew that his mind would appreciate such a gruesome idea. For a moment he shot a keen side-glance at me. He seemed to hesitate before replying, as if in doubt about something—and I remember this struck me at the time as curious. But my wonderment soon changed to an inward feeling of horror, for his features assumed the most diabolical expression I have ever seen on any man. His mouth, always large, drew out into a slit, showing two rows of teeth level as the edge of a knife-blade. Head thrown back, eyes two black beads, gaunt frame rigid—his whole attitude as he replied, was such as only a Doré could paint. I never heard Cultus Jim laugh but once. It was then. "Nawitka" (yes), said he, "wixsia mam'loose, d'lait wixsia" (soon die, very soon). The irony of his rejoinder is intensified when it is understood that the word "mam'loose"—to die—comprehends without inflection every person and tense of the verb, so that, whereas I had used it quite in a general sense, his cruel nature must have led him to put some sinister construction upon it, otherwise, I thought, why should he laugh? I hastened to change the subject.

There had recently been held a "potlatch," or "gift-gathering" of the Indians, and this carried my mind back to old Indian customs, for I knew that they held some special ceremonial dance or other to commemorate almost every happening, from the cradle to the grave. One special ceremony, held, as nearly as I could gather, at the full moon twice every year, was the "Dance of the Virgins." At this "dance" the eligible young Indian bachelor who should touch the foot or the breast of a girl as she went around was deemed to have so made an irrevocable offer of marriage. Needless to say, this gave rise often to bitter jealousies.

I asked Jim if he had ever proposed in this manner, and he said that once he had done so but had been unsuccessful in his suit. Did a white man ever so propose? I asked—for I had heard of one such instance, and coupled with it was the name of Big Jack. At all events, there could be no harm in asking.

"Yes," said he, and as there was no one now to hold the terror of the law before his eyes, his recital gradually assumed a tone of reckless defiance. "A white man, named Big Jack, did this thing many suns ago, when we were holding a dance of virgins to commemorate an ancient custom, long since gone. It was in the first days, and he and some others came up the river with teams. I knew him, for I saw him once before talking to our people. He was tall and with a black, hairy face and large arms, a very strong man. He came to the camp at the mouth of the N'kam-Chee one evening. The dance was over and the fires had burnt down low, but I saw him talking to a woman. He spoke in the Chinook language and she was listening and smiling. Just then the fire crackled, and in the light of the sparks I saw them. It was N'swah-ko, she who could make the best moccasins and knew everything about all the roots and the berries and the birds and all manner of mountain knowledge, little N'swah-ko, whose feet were light as a deer's foot and whose face was as the sparkling river. She it was whom he had touched, saying strong words, laughing, and with many whispers.

"Then I knew she had seen him before, when he made a journey with freight, and I said to myself, 'She is no longer free as the deer, for the thin twine noose is drawn tightly on her foot, and the end is come.' So I went to my lodge saying to myself, 'The end is come.'

"The next day, and for two full moons, none of us saw N'swah-ko. She had gone. Her supply of winter moccasins was also gone, and her light footstep was hushed in the camp. The birds ceased to come around because N'swah-ko was not there to call them. Her people mourned for her as dead, and they said, 'She has been drowned whilst crossing in her canoe, or is stolen by the bad spirits.' So they held a funeral dance. And I said

to myself, 'By and by I will find her; then, if I bring her back, perhaps her people will give her to me.' But in this my heart lied, for I knew her proud spirit. So I went out silently, for I would not say what I had seen that night, nor would I say how my Snaam had awakened me before day-break in time to climb the mountain and see a white man driving away up the road and lashing his team into a run.

"Returning to camp I got my musket and made pretence to go hunting, for I wanted to be alone. I hunted for food, but it was not my stomach that was hungry. Three times every day I bathed and purified, and after much purifying and fasting I became gifted with strong magic. One night I lay under a large pine tree and dreamed. My Snaam appeared to me and said 'You will see N'swah-ko again. I will send my brother, the Chipmunk, to you beside the river one clear moon hence and as he runs you must follow. He will hide in the rocks; wait where he disappears. You shall see N'swah-ko again, but you will not speak to her.' I replied that I would speak to her, as I was seeking her to take her home. 'Nay, you will not speak,' he said.

"WHEN THE DANCE WAS OVER AND THE FIRES HAD BURNT LOW, I SAW HIM TALKING TO A WOMAN"

"And it all happened so. One clear moon after this I was descending the mountain opposite the N'kam-Cheen. The sun was climbing over the trees and kissing the river as it danced along far below me. My heart also danced, for I knew that I should see N'swah-ko and perhaps speak to her. Yet, I was sad also, for the spirits of the waters were angry and were singing a new song

It echoed in my ears, 'Taah! ta-ah!' (No! no!) Two bow-shots away my canoe lay hidden in the willows, and I could see the smoke of the camp in the distance, and I felt angry with the river for mocking me, angry with myself and everyone. Suppose my Snaam had lied? And as I descended the mountain I cursed all white men, who know of nothing but gold, who lie and steal, even from each other, and who bring strong drink with them to kill us because their customs do not allow them to shoot us with muskets. And so at length I reached the bank of the river and the steep rock you spoke of just now, with the swift water outside and the deep, silent water behind, where the large fish are. Whilst I waited, I washed myself and braided my hair —for it was much longer in those days —and then I climbed up to where I had left my musket, for my Snaam had certainly lied to me and I would wait no longer.

"Suddenly 'Tlip-tlipt' (the Chipmunk) sprang up from beside me and ran down the rocks, crying 'tlip-tlipt' for me to follow. So I dropped my musket and followed him down the steep rocky bank to the deep water, where he disappeared amongst the rocks. My heart jumped 'tump, tump, tump,' like a deer running on soft ground; for now I knew my Snaam had spoken truly. I sat down.

"Many long breaths I waited until at last, hearing a noise as of a woman weeping, I looked up.

"On the very top of the high rock, and in the full light of the sun, stood N'swah-ko. She had no moccasins on her feet, which were bloody, her soft deerskin dress was torn, her headband was loose, and her hair was unbraided and blew about wildly. She looked not at me, although she must have seen me, but gazed up the long road, holding out both arms as if in entreaty.

"I tried to call her name, but between rage at seeing her there, deserted and despoiled, and fear lest she might lose her balance, I was silent. Three times I tried to call, but my mouth was dried up and my throat became as a root-oven before the baking. I was cold and yet burning. My open hands became as wet as my brow with horror and fright. Then I decided to climb up and approach her, but my legs trembled like the legs of the young deer which is left in the bushes by the stream whilst its mother feeds in the heat of the day, and I sank down.

"I prayed to my Snaam to ask the Great Cuhk-pe to help me, and as I did so the Chipmunk ran away from under my feet, laughing 'tlip-tlipt!' When I looked up again, N'swah-ko had thrown off everything but her short kirtle and her headband. Facing the bright sun she threw up her arms, and for one breath stood thus. Then, singing her death-song, she turned quickly and sprang far out into the stream.

"Thus was our little Mountain-Goat —our young Deer—killed by the white man—the big man with the black, hairy face—whom they call Big Jack. I caught her headband as it washed in at my feet and went for my musket. . . . Late that night I crossed the river in my canoe and went home."

As Jim concluded his narrative I began to see light, and deliberately asked him if he knew what happened to Big Jack.

In a subdued voice, strangely contrasting with his previous emotion, he replied nonchalantly, "Nawitka, wixsia mam'loose, d'lait wixsia." Then I knew why Cultus Jim had laughed. He had used the verb in the past tense.

The SCARLET STRAND

BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS

The report comes in to the Montreal papers that several mysterious murders have occurred in the North Shore woods, and the Indians believe some evil spirit in the shape of a wolf is responsible for them. At first little attention is paid to the "scare," but when a hard-headed millionaire leaves his summer cottage and says his wife has been nearly frightened out of her reason by the sight of a mysterious Thing That Limps prowling about the house, the newspapers send representatives to cover the story. Four men and one woman reporter meet on the ground, and under chaperonage of the millionaire's housekeeper take possession of his luxurious cottage, prepared to enjoy a "soft assignment." They learn that all the Indians are leaving the country, and that, as one farmer puts it, "they's somethin' we don't know about up here," but are inclined to think the panic unfounded. They cover the country, but with the exception of a Chinaman who says he is raising mushrooms in underground cellars, and whose hands are singularly well kept for a farmer's, find nothing unusual, until evening, when Morton, the deputy sheriff, gallops in, abject with terror of the werewolf, which he has met on a lonely road. The next evening when they are photographing Nora on the lawn she suddenly screams out that the werewolf is near her, but no trace of it can be found. In the shock of danger Brady realizes that he loves her and tells her so. Emmett meantime goes to develop the plate, but tears up the first proof.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"What did you do that for?" asked the astonished deputy.

"It's a bad impression," said Emmett in a voice which shook a little. "It's that cigar of yours, Ham. Would you mind stepping outside with it for a moment? I'm afraid even that faint spark affected it."

"Sure," said the deputy heartily, and in another moment Emmett could hear him laughing and talking with Brady, who had strolled to the porch.

"Thompson," called the photographer in a low voice, "come here."

Thompson entered the room and closed the door.

"Why, what's the matter?" he said. "You're as white as a sheet."

"I've reason to be," said Emmett quietly, as with trembling hands he prepared to make another impression. "I've something to show you."

It was with nervous fingers that Thompson took the dripping sheet which his photographer finally handed to him. It was a beautifully clear flashlight from the photographic standpoint, showing the white outlines of the arbor and the dark skirts of the girl blowing in the stiff breeze, one hand upraised to keep her hair from flying into her eyes. But as Thompson looked at it he swore loudly.

For the figure of the girl was tense and strained, and in her countenance was an expression of wondering fear and vague alarm that showed as clearly as though touched by the brush of an artist—and, creeping stealthily around the corner of the arbor behind her was a figure so sinister that both men

shook with a momentary chill as they gazed at it. The figure was that of a Thing—it could hardly be said to resemble anything human, yet it walked erect on two legs, or rather was bent forward almost into the shape of a bow. Swathed in a long dark cloak and with a hat like that of a provincial French priest pulled so low over the head that the features could not be distinguished, it was yet of a skeleton-like thinness that could hardly be human—as could clearly be seen with the wind-whipped garments about it. The feet were in shadow, but the outline of a bony leg could be seen and it was curved up forward as the Thing crept toward the girl, in the fashion of a dog made to walk upon two legs. One arm was outstretched toward the girl, and the quivering intensity of that murderous approach could be seen in every outline of the figure. It actually seemed to breathe on the plate. But as Thompson looked at what projected from the cloak where the hand should have been, he felt a chill of fear that almost amounted to nausea—for it looked like a paw, with the talons hooked, as if to strike, clearly visible.

"And it was going after her!" he muttered in horror-struck tones.

"Yes," said Emmett, in a voice that was a prayer of thanksgiving, "my flash came just in time. It scared it away."

Thompson, still holding the picture, glanced for a moment into Emmett's pale face. Each knew what the other was thinking of.

"It's the greatest scoop that was ever made," he whispered. "It brings us into the unknown and shows us how little we really have in our boasted knowledge of the loup-garou! It's our duty to send this to the paper."

"Yes," said Emmett dully, "it's our duty."

They looked at each other in silence for a moment, then Thompson spoke again.

"I've violated my newspaper principles once on this trip," he said. "I'm going to do it again. We've seen what a nervous wreck can be, Emmett. Think of that big strong countryman we had last night. Think of what it will mean to let this girl know what actually occurred behind her—how near she came to death in a horrible form. It might drive her insane."

Emmett nodded.

"It's our duty to send this to the paper," he repeated as he threw the wet plate on the floor and ground it to pieces with his heel, while Thompson tore the photograph to shreds. "That for the paper!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHAT'S that?" cried Thompson, starting violently—a start which was imitated by Emmett, whose nerves were clearly unstrung. Then Thompson's face cleared, and he gave a sigh of relief.

"An auto," he said. "It's Swanson back again, I'll bet."

And as Emmett extinguished his light Thompson rushed into the front room to find the car purring peacefully before the door and Swanson getting ready to alight, the two huge lamps in front throwing out beams which seemed to defy any denizen of the wilderness to come out and show itself. In one instant the presence of the huge machine seemed to bring them back in touch with civilization, and for a moment, as Swanson alighted and greeted them all cordially, Thompson almost forgot the terror through which they had been passing. Even Nora, although by turns shy and nervous, came down from her room and cheered up immediately when she found the new arrival and saw the car before the door. It seemed to connect her again with the world she had left behind. When Swanson had turned the car about, headed toward the drive, and shut off the motor, he joined the party about the hearth, where Brady had stirred up the fire. With the circle once more complete, with the kindly face of Swanson beaming among them and with plenty of arms lying about, Thompson could only think of the presence he had just seen portrayed, as a horrid nightmare, obtruding itself now and then, but sometimes dropping from his mind for a moment. Still, a brooding anxiety possessed him that Nora should go to her room and retire,

when the men of the party could talk the episode over. He made a careful round of the house, seeing that all the doors and windows were closed, shaking his head over the fact that some windows in the kitchen and dining room were unshuttered. Anything attempting entrance through one of those windows could find it readily enough. All through the time that the women were still downstairs, he prowled about the house, sometimes making a circuit of the grounds outside and scowling warningly at Swanson when the latter commenced to joke him about his restlessness. After what seemed an interminable interval, Nora went upstairs again, and Mrs. Lawson followed her.

Thompson called Emmett aside. "Shall we tell Bennett?" he asked.

"He showed he was good stuff out there on the lawn," he said. "Yes, I'd tell him."

So while the four others sat grouped about the fire, the blaze from the logs lighting up their faces with a ruddy glow as they puffed on cigarette or cigar, Thompson told his story. And as he talked he saw the faces of the three who did not know grow graver and graver, and there was an angry oath from all when he told how the Thing in the picture had evidently been planning a murderous attack. Beyond an exclamation or two from the deputy, there was no interruption. And when he finished there was silence. But every man, as he concluded, moved by a common impulse, reached for his weapons and looked to see that they were loaded.

It was Brady who first broke the silence. "It's got to be another night of watch," he said, "but we can't all sit together like you did last night. There's no telling what uncanny power this thing may have. As we've found that it really exists, we might as well believe a few more of the old tales of its power to pass locked doors and so on. We've got to post ourselves in rooms at all parts of the house to-night and keep an eye on the outside. I never was so glad to see the moon before."

Brady had accepted the situation with the imperturbability of the newspaper man, unaccustomed to show surprise at any contingency. But with the deputy it was different. That he was alarmed and astounded it was easy to see. But it was also evident that he was a man in whom the narrative stirred anger more than fear. After spluttering exclamations of wild astonishment, he settled down into an attitude of angry vindictiveness that such a thing should be.

"And he was crawlin' up on Miss Nora?" he demanded. "Wait till I get within range of him! I'll see how far a bullet will go through!"

Thompson and Brady nodded approvingly. It was Emmett who spoke next, and in a quiet voice.

"If we're to believe all things said about this Thing," he remarked, "you must remember that folk-lore has it that the were-wolf is impervious to bullets—that is, the ordinary kind. It can only be killed by a silver bullet, dipped in holy water and blessed by the priest."

An exclamation from Swanson drew all attention to him, and the others stared in astonishment. For he was shivering and shaking just as Morton had done the night before. His blue eyes, only recently beaming with kindly friendliness, were now staring and frightened as those of a child. In the red glow of the fire it could be seen that his brow was covered with sweat and that his lips quivered convulsively as he tried to speak. He had sunk limply down into his chair like an unconscious man, one trembling hand hanging over the arm of his chair.

"Why, Eric, what's the matter?" cried Thompson in astonished alarm. Swanson made no reply. His eyes stared unseeingly into the fire, wild with horror.

"Eric! Eric! Sit up!" commanded Brady, shaking him by the shoulder. "Sit up! What's the matter? It's a fit of some kind," he cried, turning to the others.

The deputy had rushed forward to help him lift Swanson to a sofa. But as the big countryman bent down to take his legs, so they might bear him to a couch, Swanson wearily straight-

ened himself and waved them away with a trembling hand.

"So it's true!" he cried in a voice that was a piteous wail. "It's come! It shows how little good it is to live, anyway! Years ago, across the water, they used to frighten me with this Thing. And I would have gone mad with terror if lost in the woods, and at night I used to keep my head buried under the clothes when it was dark and shiver myself to sleep! And when I came to this country I laughed at the tales the old folks told and wondered how anyone could believe them! And now it's true!"

Brady stared at him in astonishment. Could this be Swanson, on whose strength, on whose kindly disposition they had learned to rely so much?

"Eric!" he cried, "don't let it affect you that way. Just think, man, how we need you. We may have a fight on our hands."

The deputy, although palpably frightened, swore loudly and spat with disgust into the fire.

"Maybe it does shake you a bit," he exclaimed contemptuously, "but the best way to get out of that is to fight! Get up and see who comes out on top if there's a clash." And from the vindictive way in which he made the last remark, the others realized that he would hold his own in case of a pinch. For nearly a minute no one spoke. All stood gazing at Swanson with a surprise and bewilderment which almost wiped out thoughts of the werewolf itself. That their mainstay, the one on whom they all depended, should thus betray them at a crisis caused a feeling that was more pain and indignation than fear of what might be the consequences. Thompson came forward with a glass of brandy.

"Here, drink this!" he commanded roughly, holding the glass to Swanson's mouth. And like a sick child the big man gulped it down, spilling it over his vest and coat as he did so. He paid no attention to the look of reproach and scorn in their faces, or to their significant silence as they stood accusingly about him, but continued his lament.

"Fighting? You said fight? Who can fight the unknown? What can our bullets do against this Thing from the under world? No! We're in its power! We might just as well lie down and let it wreak its will. The only thing to kill it with is the consecrated bullet of silver!"

"And I thought you was a man!" cried the deputy in bitter contempt. Bennett's anger had so thoroughly stirred him by this time that he reached over and grasped the shotgun.

"I'll just take a turn around here," he said, "and if anything is sneakin' about——"

He went out, slamming the door behind him, and started on his circuit of the house. The newspaper men looked at each other in the same silence and glanced away. Each felt almost as ashamed as if he had been caught in some dishonorable act. Brady walked quietly back to the kitchen and brought some more brandy. In their shame and mortification at thus witnessing the moral downfall of a comrade, they could only sit silent by, gazing into the fire and carefully avoiding looking at Swanson, Emmett slowly smoking a cigarette and never changing his attitude as he bent forward, elbows on knees and his chin in his hand. It was fully ten minutes before Swanson spoke. He had finished the brandy which Brady had silently placed on the table beside him, and he straightened up a trifle and wiped his face.

"Boys," he said in a shaking voice that was almost a whisper, "I know what you think of me! I'm not a man until I've done something to redeem myself! But you can't understand—you can't understand——" here his voice rose to a wail again—"how those things are bred into our very bones at home! How the old folks believed them as if they were the gospel! And if you knew the horror of them all—of the things that they told and believed—you can understand how I feel when I find it's true! I've no apology to make. I know what I am—a weak coward, ready to sit down with two women upstairs! But I'll try to redeem myself. Give me a gun! Let me go out and watch

the front of the house, anyway—and I'll die fighting!"

The hopeless tone of his voice made his companions glance at each other with real concern. It was clear that he thought the matter was already over—that so far as he was concerned it was a forlorn hope.

"Let him go," whispered Emmett, "but tell him to pace only up and down the porch. The air may do him good. But if his head is touched, we want to keep him in sight."

Thompson quietly obeyed and Swanson stumbled over the threshold, fumbling with the door, and could be seen outside through the window pacing up and down the porch, with drooping head and dejectedly bent shoulders, passing and repassing the big window. The deputy, coming noisily back from his tour of the grounds, passed him without speaking and entered.

"Nothin' to be seen," he said, then nodding a head toward the window, he added scornfully, "what good is he out there?"

"He can't hurt anything," said Emmett briefly, "and it may help him."

"You see, Ham," explained Thompson, almost apologetically, "this isn't like Eric, this switch to hysteria. He's always been as game as any man, and I've always seen him acquit himself in a way any fellow might be proud of. We don't any of us understand what's got into him to behave like this, and I don't think he really knows himself. But he wants a chance to retrieve himself, and we don't any of us want to hold him back if he thinks he cah go out there and make up for what happened awhile ago."

"Sure," agreed the deputy, without enthusiasm. I don't know about this hys— hysterier—what'd you call it?—but if I'd played the baby, I'd want another chance, too. What'd you say it was?

Emmett explained in a low tone and the deputy nodded in understanding. Then, carefully examining their arms once more, they commenced a whispered discussion as to how they should array themselves for the night. But Swanson, oblivious to everything besides the great awe in his soul, walked

ALTHOUGH HE CONFESSED TO HIMSELF THAT HE WAS STILL BADLY FRIGHTENED, SWANSON FELT THAT NOW AT LEAST HE COULD DO HIS PART IN THE STRUGGLE

slowly up and down the porch, fighting the hardest struggle a man can ever have—that with himself. Generation after generation of Scandinavian blood, impregnated with the gloomy superstitions of the north, was that which flowed in his veins. His childhood had been passed, as he said, among companions, yes, even his parents and grandparents, who firmly believed all the tales they told him, just as their own fathers and grandfathers had done before them. And while Swanson had almost forgotten some of the superstitions related to him in his youth,

through being in this new country where they had scarcely been heard of, that very fact brought them back with a rush that had overwhelmed him. And now, when he had accepted the attitude of the new world and smiled at the beliefs, to find they were true!

Moodily he leaned on his rifle. Pausing at one end of his beat, he gazed out over the glorious prospect of the lake, shining and glittering in the light of the moon and touching the tops of the tall pines which rose from the slope of the bluff barely above the summit. To see that beautiful range of nature before him, to hear the lap of the waves, to feel the touch of the clear air, just touched with a suspicion of frost—and then to feel that in the darkness lurked the embodiment of all that was foul and sinful in human nature, waiting for a chance to prey upon the blood of mortals! Tears came to his eyes as he gazed out over the lake, and, even as the superstitious side of his nature had been touched, so now another chord awoke. The blood of the old Norse ancestry told its tale. Almost unconsciously the old sagas telling of the deeds of heroes came back to him, and it seemed to him as if a fleeting vision of the Vikings going out to conquer or die passed through his brain, and he straightened himself a trifle—and with this awakening came the spirit of the new world that slowly year by year he had acquired. His eye lost its dull hue, he straightened himself still more and raised his head, although he jumped in affright that left his heart beating rapidly as a bat flitted by. It was a struggle of the old world against the new. And slowly the spirit of the new told.

It was five minutes later that Swanson, now fairly composed, ceased his stroll up and down the porch and glanced about the lawn. Once more his mind had turned itself into the groove of the modern times, and although he confessed to himself that he was still badly frightened, he felt that he could at least do his part in whatever struggle might be needed. Even in the cool air he could feel the red flush of shame mount to his cheeks as he thought of the part he had played. And with this feeling of indignation against himself came a fierce anger against this unseen enemy, no matter what it was.

"So that I won't all my life have the same contempt I feel for myself now," he thought with a bitter smile, "I'd better walk about the place a bit and see if there is anything I could do."

It was more than physical courage which led Swanson around through the darker portions of the shrubbery for the next twenty minutes. It was more than moral courage which, when stopping by the garden where the horses were enclosed, kept him from a wild stampede when one of the animals moved suddenly toward him through the darkness. It was the soul of the man itself, fighting for recognition against what he firmly believed were the powers of darkness. Carefully and thoroughly, with hands as cold as ice and with a heart that felt dead within his breast, he made the rounds. When, at times, an almost overwhelming desire seized him to dash madly back to lights and human companionship, he would fight it down and walk slowly back over the same route again until he had recovered himself. It took him some time to make the rounds and entering the dark stretch of the drive was the hardest test of all. But he went through it, returning at length to the grove of birches that shone like silver at the edge of the bluff within one hundred feet of the house. And although weak and covered with a cold perspiration, he felt himself a man again as he stepped forth and looked out over the waters of the lake. Now that his task was over, once more he felt that almost irrestible desire to flee. And once again he fought it down, even turning his back resolutely on the shadow behind him and gazing out over the waters below, determined not to return to the house until he had mastered himself completely.

"When I go back," he muttered to himself, "I want to show them that I've got a spark of manhood left, at least."

And even as he uttered those words he felt his knees bend beneath him and

his spine turn to water. Like a man whose every tendon has been cut he sank limply down against a tree and even before his anguished eyes could roll slowly toward the path by which he had come, he knew what he should see. For down the shaded grove came stealthily creeping the outlines of a black figure, wrapped in a long black cloak and moving forward cautiously with one craving, pawing hand outstretched hungrily before it Swanson tried to utter the wail which his soul longed to give. But his tongue was lifeless Down the breeze came horrible sickly odor which made him shudder in dread.

Nearer and nearer came the Thing, but more cautiously now. The path it was pursuing would take it about ten feet from Swanson, and for an instant a faint hope stirred in his breast that he would escape notice. But the figure moved more and more slowly, peering greedily forward in the direction of the house. It was still in shadow, and when it halted about fifteen feet away, its form still bent toward its goal, he had not yet seen the countenance. Just then a sudden gust of wind swept the trees apart and let in the moonlight, and the creature slowly turned and dropped the arm it held above its face, and the eyes that met Swanson's were like two green lamps, the countenance was that of a wolf and a paw instead of a hand was clutching the black robe. The shriek of terror which Swanson gave as he found his utterance rang through the woods like the wail of a lost soul—and when Brady and the deputy came dashing to the scene with loud shouts and weapons ready, they found him on the ground, unharmed but unconscious. The old world instinct had triumphed!

CHAPTER IX.

For nearly an hour they worked over Swanson, who lay breathing heavily on the lounge where they had placed him. Nora and Mrs. Lawson took turns at bathing his forehead, and the men chafed him and rubbed his hands, always with an armed guard standing at the door with the grim determination to shoot at the first sign of any moving thing. Time and again the nervous contortions of Swanson's face, and the manner in which he would leap almost from under their hands showed the intense mental strain under which his tortured brain was laboring. But to their surprise, when he at last opened his eyes in a state of utter exhaustion, he was perfectly collected and in a state of utter despair.

"What's the use?" he moaned feebly, turning his head away from them. "There's no use fighting—there's no use fighting."

"Brace up, Eric," said Brady, angrily, "think of the part you may have to take."

"We can only die," moaned the big Scandinavian again.

In fact, he was in such a state of absolutely despondent lethargy that it was plain nothing could be done with him. Arguments were of no avail. He had not even the moral strength to try to regain some part of his self-respect, as he had attempted to do but a short hour before. With that passive lack of resistance, characteristic of the man or animal whose spirit is utterly broken, he was content to lie idle and let the worst come without so much as lifting a finger. It was the form which fatalism took in his nature. Like the Turk's saying, "It is Allah's will," Swanson's code now seemed to be, "What use of fighting when it is of no avail?" On the contrary, Brady, Thompson, Bennett and even the reserved and self-contained Emmett had worked themselves into a pitch of fighting wrath that boded ill for anything that might cross their paths. And it was with grim faces, in which there was little but contempt, that they finally bore Swanson to the shuttered room and stretched him upon the bed, throwing some of the bed clothes roughly over him. Weak with the exhaustion of his nervous strain, after a few minutes of moaning they heard the troubled breathing which indicated that he had fallen into a restless sleep.

Two new problems now faced them. First to care properly for Nora and Mrs. Lawson, who were clearly so alarmed over the turn affairs were taking that a nervous breakdown from either seemed

imminent; the other to provide for some watch over Swanson in case any attack was made upon them. They finally inserted the key in his door on the side of the room leading to the main chamber, and determined that the man who stood guard in the back room of that wing should lock him in as he passed. If they did not do this, they feared that he might become stricken with so violent a panic as to be as much a menace within as anything without could be. It was long before Nora and Mrs. Lawson could be induced to go to their room. Both were clearly holding themselves under restraint with difficulty, and it was also evident they had a horror of being alone on the second floor while companionship could be had below. At last, they reluctantly climbed the stairs, and the men prepared to take their stations for the night.

"Steve," said Thompson softly, as soon as the door above closed, "we'll have to get out of this to-morrow. That is, the women will. They can't stand it. We'll have to send Swanson back, too, and attend to his stuff for him. I was afraid he was going to come out of that swoon an insane man. That's why I avoided asking him questions. But I can imagine. I saw the picture, you know."

Brady nodded.

"The only safe place for us or for any person seems to be with the deputies," he said. "An attack on this place by an unholy creature might find us unprepared or at a disadvantage as we are now. With two women and a man apt to become demented should that creature even appear again, Lord knows what would happen. If Swanson is able to drive that car in the morning, he will have to take Nora to the Springs. Can you drive it at all?"

"A little," said Thompson, "but there's no special object now in not having a chauffeur. If this thing is really at large, we won't have much chance of exclusive stories. Newspaper men will be flocking in from all sides."

Brady nodded in silent acquiescence. At last he said:

"Those women will have to be guarded on the way down. We can't take any chances. You and Emmett had better go with them, Thompson. I can ride over with Bennett and join the deputies. We will close the house before leaving and I can lead the horses over with me and have them sent home as soon as I can hire a man to take them. I think the deputies are at some farm about six miles north of here."

"Yes," said Thompson, "we can put Miss Westemonde in her hotel and let her write up separate stories for all of us while waiting. Emmett and I can make a quick run back in the auto. Something is bound to develop out of this."

Arrangements were then made for posting a guard for the night. At one extremity of the wing on the south side of the house was the kitchen. Here Thompson took his stand, having first dragged a large wicker rocker back to a place where he could sit and watch through windows at both side and rear on to the moonlit sweep of lawn. In the rear room at the opposite wing, Emmett took his station, having first split holes in the shutters with an axe, large enough for him to look through. It was arranged that, in passing the door of Swanson's room, should there be an alarm, he was to turn the key. Bennett and Brady posted themselves in the large front room, letting the fire die down and talking in low whispers.

"Isn't it strange how a few hours make a change in things," said Brady, musingly. "Just think how few hours ago it was that we first came into this room. That first evening was one of the pleasantest I ever spent. Music and companionship, light and warmth and jollity. Look at it now! Here we are sitting in the dark, afraid of our lives at the hands of we don't know what, and with one of our number in a state which means that he can never be the same to us again, after what has occurred—for he will draw the bars if we don't. In fact, I believe this will affect his entire life—I do not believe he will ever be the same man."

"He isn't the same man now," said the deputy in a low tone. "I'm glad

AT LAST NORA RELUCTANTLY CLIMBED THE STAIRS, AND LEFT THE MEN TO THEIR WATCH

I'm with you people here. Maybe I can help some—and if shootin' will do it, I'm there," he concluded grimly.

Brady nodded warmly at this evidence of spirit, and realized that Ham would indeed prove of value. He had risen early that morning and was weary. So he stretched himself partly back in one corner of the long couch which he occupied at night, leaving his elbow on its high leather arm, and resting his head against the padded back. The lounge was at the extreme rear of the room, as they had thought it advisable to sit as far as possible from the front window, even if there was no fire

in the big hearth except a few smouldering ashes. Bennett dragged an arm chair to the front of the couch and seated himself therein. Both men placed their revolvers across their knees while Thompson and Emmett were armed respectively with the rifle and shot gun. Each, moreover, had one of the automatic pistols, while Emmett had added Swanson's weapon to his own battery.

If waiting had been tiresome for the watchers in the gloom of the night before, amid the storm, it was doubly so now. Brady realized what the strain must have been and he felt a keen sympathy for Thompson and Emmett. True, they had slept in the afternoon, but that could hardly compensate for a nerve strain such as they must have passed through. And now they had to endure it again. He himself had risen early, and the exhaustion following the high pitch to which he had been keyed up, was making itself felt. But he braced himself up resolutely, sat up straighter as he felt himself becoming sleepy and addressed a remark now and then to Bennett.

The latter's answers, however, came more and more uncertainly. It was plain that Ham, fresh from country life and accustomed to early hours for bed time, was having a desperate struggle to keep awake. Repeatedly his head nodded until it was only when he almost rolled over on the floor that he awoke. And each time it was clear that he was sleepier and sleepier. Brady felt rather indignant at first, thinking that the crisis should have been enough to keep any one awake.

"If we depended on his watching, we might have all our throats cut before he knew it," he reflected. "I can understand now the reason why the sentinel who slept on his post was dealt with in summary fashion. If he's too much of a hog to care for the safety of lives, when all it requires is a little strength of will, it's only right he should pay the penalty with his own."

But in a moment or two he grew calmer, and reflected that perhaps it did no real harm.

"I can kick him out of that chair if anything comes," he mused, "and if a shot is fired, he certainly will be awake in a moment."

In a few minutes his ears told him that Bennett had indeed fallen fast asleep and soon was snoring lustily in the armchair until he was awakened by his revolver sliding with a clatter to the floor. The instant start with which he leaped to his feet, a trifle bewildered, showed Brady that he certainly would awake on a slight noise. He listened with a sort of grim amusement to the deputy's asseverations that he had not been asleep at all and waited for him to doze again. Which Ham promptly did, five minutes after he had seated himself again. Brady rose and paced the floor restlessly. The north air had made him wretchedly sleepy too, and he would have given much to have thrown himself on the lounge and sunk into the sleep of exhaustion. He did not care to leave the room in the possession of the sleeping deputy or he would have paid a visit to Thompson and Emmett. He wished that he had asked Mrs. Lawson to make some strong, black coffee for the party and blamed himself for this oversight. Strolling back and forth in front of the sleeping Bennett, he finally walked himself into wakefulness and again seated himself on the end of the lounge. Here he gazed out at the moon which now hung just before him above the shimmering waters, glorious in the clear and soft light it shed. It was as bright an orb as he had seen since they arrived, and he again reflected how things had changed. To him the whole place was now hateful. On that first evening of his arrival he had drunk in the scene with something like intoxication and had expressed the hope that the assignment might extend over a fortnight. If the party could get away on the morrow, he now realized, they would all be relieved.

"And yet we've all got a reputation for being fair newspaper workers," he told himself, half in amusement, half in reproach.

Sitting on the lounge had made him sleepy again, and for a moment he leaned back, permitting himself the luxury of closing his eyes for a moment and of leaning his head against the soft

back of the big sofa. Then, as he slowly opened them, he was galvanized into a sudden wakefulness and a tense alertness—while, in spite of himself, he felt a sensation as if someone was rubbing a piece of ice down his back. For, emerging from the shadow of the trees, not fifty yards from the front porch, came a dark and menacing figure.

With a gasp he sat up straight and grasped his revolver. There was no need to tell him what that hesitating walk, that poised attitude like a coiled snake, meant in the black-robed figure stealing softly toward the porch. Ten yards out from the trees it halted, and although he could not see the features he could see the garb. On the head was the hat described by Thompson, and he noticed the legs projecting from beneath the gown—they were not the legs of a human being. The creature took another limping step and again stopped.

"The Thing that hirples on one foot!" gasped Brady.

"Thompson!" he called softly, "Emmett!"

There was no answer. The quickness with which the Thing halted showed that it must have heard something. Brady's forehead was wet with sweat, and for one moment he wavered. His breath came in gasps, his heart beat furiously and he felt a sinking sensation in the stomach like that of one falling from a great height. For a moment the desire to call out, to bring human companions about him, to drive this foul creature away, was almost irresistible. He quivered as he sat and turned to wake the deputy. In the meantime the silent figure had again halted, this time not twenty feet from the porch. But even as he reached over to wake Bennett a sense of shame came to him, for he knew it was a deadly fear that was prompting his move. The Thing had already shown that it would flee when approached by numbers—it had also twice shown it could escape. To summon Thompson or Emmett, to wake the deputy, would frighten it now, for it obviously was awaiting every movement within the house. And in the deathlike stillness of the night almost any move was audible.

Unconsciously, Brady was going through the same mental process as Swanson had done while tramping up and down the porch. He realized that he was afraid. And, as in Swanson's case, a red blush mounted to his neck and forehead until the veins stood out. But in Brady's case it was the flush of wild anger. What! To be afraid of that cowardly murdering Thing that menaced them in the dark! And he, Brady, about to disgrace his name by frightening it away instead of getting it! He gritted his teeth and raised his heavy revolver. Near him stood a tall, high-backed chair. Brady rested his revolver on this, pointing steadily at the figure outside, now standing, as if hesitating at the foot of the steps.

"Whether it comes up or not, it gets one bullet," he muttered.

But it was coming up. The next instant with a faint scuffling sound that was audible inside, it had mounted one step and again hesitated —another step — another step — —peering, crouching, listening, always with that wolflike crouch and an occasional eager, clutching, vampire-like movement of an outstretched arm. Even in his horrified fascination, Brady watched to see whether a hand or a claw ended that arm. But the long black cloak concealed it.

Another step—another—and the Thing was on the porch here it crouched almost on all fours and shuffled slowly toward the window. It bore slightly to one side and in its slow, careful, tortoise-like movements was evidently working a way to one corner of the big plate glass sheet where it could peer into the room with less likelihood of being seen. And still the cloak concealed its face and the reporter could see nothing. The uncanny mystery of the whole affair had again closed in on him as though he were in a vault, and hot and cold chills were running over him. Then he thought of Nora upstairs. In an instant his jaws had snapped together again, and the muzzle of the revolver ceased to quiver and pointed directly upon his target.

The window ran so low—almost to the floor—that he could distinctly follow each movement of the creeping figure. Then the head commenced slowly to rise above the sill.

Inch by inch it came—first the black cap, then a white expanse as if some band were tied across to conceal the features, then a closely muffled lower portion of the head where the black cloak was wrapped about the throat. For a moment a gust of wind arose and blew the protecting cloak to one side—and at the same moment a tiny fragment of wood in the fireplace broke into a blaze, bringing into relief the face pressed against the window. And it was with a cry of horror that Brady fired straight into the grinning visage that leered through the window—for it was not that of a man—and as he saw the heavy window smash squarely over the spot where that awful spectacle was pressed, the Thing sprang erect and fled down the stairs, while he followed it with shots through the glass.

The reports of the heavy revolver rang out like thunder in the stillness, the house shaking with their reverberations and with the sharp pinging of glass as the heavy window sung sharply where the high pressure bullets went through. But Brady did not wait. He leaped at the door, cursing loudly because it was locked, tore it open, and dashed to the porch, clearing the steps at a single bound. And even as he did so he heard two sharp reports above him, and, not even firing the shots he had intended at the speeding figure, he turned back to the house with a sharp cry of desperation.

"Nora! Nora! Are you safe?"

"I'm safe, Steve," said a frightened voice from Nora's window. "I fired twice when that Thing stopped for a moment in the middle of the lawn."

Just as Thompson, Emmett and the deputy came rushing to the scene, from the darkness rose so horrible a howl of rage and pain that they shuddered as they stood. But Brady shook his fist at the dark woods.

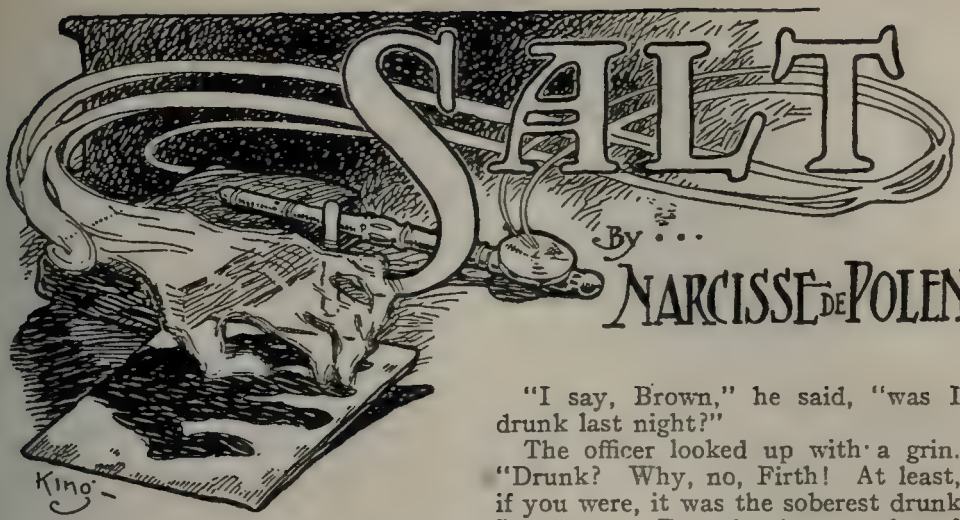
To be continued

OUT OF THE GLOOM

BY S. E. KISER

THE day was dark, the leaves
  Hung limp and still and wet,
And sadness seemed to look
  From every face I met;
The woeful world's affairs
All made me think of cares
  I wanted to forget.

The song-bird from the tree
  Sent forth a plaintive air;
But suddenly the sad
  Old world forgot its care;
A little child's glad shout
Came sweetly ringing out,
  And joy was everywhere.



There are powers of the earth and powers of the air, and there is power in all things. But the powers that are in dull things are elemental powers, and the most evil of them all is the power that is in Salt. Whoso covets too much savor of salt, hath Satan for a companion.—Koran.

THE Foo-Chow, from Bombay for London, lay in the Suez Canal two miles from Suez. She was tied up, and likely to remain where she was, for a steamer had grounded and got stuck across the canal in front of her.

The doctor stood outside the chart-room, lighting a cigarette. He looked somewhat harassed, and as he threw away the match, he swore gently to himself. In appearance he was an ordinary looking Scotsman, distinguished only by a great beard, of which he was inordinately proud, and a pair of keen, gray eyes, with a quizzical expression that made sea-sick passengers say he was unsympathetic.

The present disturbance in his well regulated mind drew two deep lines between his eyebrows.

The third officer came up from the bridge to fetch something from the chart-room. As he came out the doctor wheeled around.

"I say, Brown," he said, "was I drunk last night?"

The officer looked up with a grin. "Drunk? Why, no, Firth! At least, if you were, it was the soberest drunk I ever saw. But why do you ask me? What's up? Don't you know yourself whether you were sober or not?"

"Nothing. I merely asked your unbiased opinion. What does the skipper say to this block ahead?"

"Says a good deal. That we shall be here all night, for one thing. That beastly tub is a tea ship; she's tipping her cargo into lighters for all she's worth now. They will work all night and expect to float her about five o'clock. We shall pass her between eight and nine. The old man's painting his language red about it. We shall have a night of it." And the third officer clattered down from the bridge with a laugh.

The doctor leaned over the rail, thinking of what he had seen the night before.

Among four hundred first and second-class passengers, there was only one individual who interested him in the least. This individual had come on board at Bombay. He was a man of about forty, of medium height, with broad shoulders—but so thin that he seemed a walking skeleton. The skin of his clean-shaven face looked like a piece of old parchment—all leathery and yellowish white. His hair and eyes were a dull, uninteresting brown, while his eyebrows, which were black and very thick, met over his nose, giving him a curious expression. The doctor had watched this man on deck and in the saloon, and on enquiring

had discovered his name to be Tressland. Day after day and all day long the man sat in his deck-chair, poring over a dirty book. When he was not reading, his eyes were fixed on the horizon in a vacant, apathetic stare.

Firth had seen this before in the slums of Bombay, and without any hesitation, he classed Tressland as an opium smoker, and an interesting case. Two nights after they had left Bombay, he had gone up forward for a quiet smoke. Tressland was sitting there on a coil of rope, his eyes closed, his hands clasped round his knees, and an opium pipe in his mouth. Firth stumbled over his foot in the darkness and murmured a hasty apology.

The man opened his eyes slowly and looked up at him, but said nothing. Firth spoke to him once or twice, and on receiving no answer shook him roughly by the shoulder. He found he was already in a comatose condition, and without a word he put his arm around him and dragged him to his feet. Tressland offered no resistance even when the little silver pipe was screwed from between his clenched teeth; his eyes had closed again and his hands hung helplessly at his sides. Firth towed him along the dark side of the deck to his own cabin, where he stretched him out on the bunk, and after shutting the door and turning the key, he mixed himself a strong whisky-peg and sat down with a pipe to watch his unconscious guest.

Once, as he leaned over the bunk to look at the patient, he kicked against something on the floor. He picked it up and found it was the book he had seen the man reading—a small and very dirty copy of the Koran. It had fallen out of Tressland's coat pocket.

He turned a few pages, and becoming interested, stood there reading it. After a half hour he got a cramp in one foot and sat down, still absorbed.

At three in the morning his patient stirred and opened his eyes, stretching both hands over his head. Firth shut up the book and went and stood beside the berth. Tressland stared up at him for a moment in silence, and then sat up.

"I am awfully sorry," he mumbled. "Why did you bring me in here?"

Firth took one of his bony wrists in his cool, firm grasp, and found a feeble pulse. His keen eyes seemed to look through and through the other's weak mind with pitying scorn.

"Why did I bring you here?" he said. "First, because it's absurd to think of sleeping on deck all night; and second, because I didn't know which your cabin was, and had to stow you somewhere. Now, look here. Lie down again while I make you some coffee."

Tressland obeyed with a weak smile, watching Firth's movements with the interest of a child.

When he had finished a cup of strong coffee the doctor helped him up, and opening the door took him out on the deck, saying;

"Now, then, buck up. Take my arm and come and walk some sense into your head."

And thus they tramped up and down for an hour in the cool gray dawn, Firth treating his patient with biting sarcasm on the subject of opium smoking; Tressland, only half awake, whimpering and saying he "couldn't live without it." That was now about ten days ago, and since then the two men had been fairly friendly. Firth had confiscated the opium pipe and borrowed the Koran, which interested him enormously.

But the matter that was disturbing him now had happened only the night before. Just as he was thinking of turning in that night, Wilson, the purser, had come to his cabin with a scared face.

"Look sharp, Firth! You're wanted on the second-class deck, right aft—"

"What's up now? A baby in convulsions?" said Firth, reaching his cap from the peg.

"Not exactly. It's Tressland, in a sort of fit. He must be mad, I think."

"What's a saloon passenger doing on the second-cabin deck?" he grumbled as he hurried aft. As he turned the corner of the deck-house he came upon two figures.

Leaning against the deck-house was a Chinaman, his yellow, impassive face gleaming like carved ivory in the brilliant moonlight. Tressland lay flat

on his face on the deck, his arms crossed and his chin resting on them. In front of him was a square bronze plate, nearly covered with salt, which sparkled and glittered in the moonlight. At the top right hand corner hovered a little green flame, and on this Tressland's eyes were fixed. Beside him on the deck lay the silver opium pipe and a tiny splash of white ash.

Slowly the green flame moved from right to left in a track an inch wide, and as it flickered along the plate, it burned the salt into dark characters in places—they seemed to be Persian characters—and as Tressland bent over it the flame touched his lips, though it did not burn them. When the flame reached the left hand bottom corner of the plate it died out. Tressland raised himself on his elbows, then rolled over and lay on his back unconscious. His eyes were fixed in a glassy stare, the pupils contracted till they were mere pin points. His thin lips were strained tightly over his teeth, and from his nose to his chin was a thin, smoky line where the fire had touched him.

Wilson gazed at him aghast. "Good God, Firth, what a horrid sight! Is he dead?"

"Dead? No. It's an hypnotic trance, and that damned Chinee has had a hand in it."

He turned to where the Chinaman had stood, but he was gone. Together they put Tressland to bed, and as before, Firth watched over him. As he sat there through the night, verses of the Koran kept recurring to his mind, and somehow he associated them with the sleeping man.

"Whosoever hath Satan for a companion, an evil companion hath he," seemed to repeat itself in his brain persistently as a clock ticks.

After an hour or two Tressland's eyes closed naturally and his lips relaxed. He awoke at six o'clock to find Firth standing in the doorway watching him. He sat up in the bunk.

"Well," said the doctor, "you've been at it again. You won't take long to kill yourself this way if that's your aim. I suppose you got the opium of that Chinaman?"

"Which Chinaman?" asked Tressland with a bewildered expression. "Oh, yes—yes, of course I did. I told you I couldn't do without it."

Firth looked at him keenly for a minute, then turned away. He thought it best to ignore what he had seen the night before, so he merely remarked:

"You'd better have a wash and brush-up before you come out. You're not a pretty sight. I'll tell the boy to bring you some coffee."

When he came back to his cabin a half hour later Tressland had gone, and he had not seen him again all day.

So, as he stood outside the chart-room looking at the tea-ship with unseeing eyes, Firth thought over the events of the past night. He had seen a good deal of the results of opium smoking at one time and another, but in his matter-of-fact mind he could find no solution or explanation of the mysticism and black magic of the East. This particular form of invocation he never had met with before, and it stirred him curiously. Looking down from the bridge, he saw Tressland slouching up the deck with the dirty old copy of the Koran under his arm.

Firth went slowly down from the bridge and met him at the bottom.

"How do you feel, Tressland?" he said, in a cheery voice. "How do you like the prospect of spending a night here—grilling in the desert, as it were?"

While he was speaking, his eye was taking professional note of the man's state of mind and body. Tressland's eyes wandered restlessly over the miles and miles of sand that stretched away to the sky, and he answered in a full, sing-song voice, repeating his words now and again:

"Oh, I don't mind—mind—much. I like the heat—like hot weather—it suits me. I say, Firth, what's that over there—that white stuff that sparkles?"

As he spoke the last few words the man seemed to wake up, his face grew bright, his whole body alert, and he gripped Firth's shoulder in his excitement.

"What is it? Don't you know?"

"Well, don't be in such a hurry,"

said the doctor: "it's only salt. Haven't you seen it before?"

A look of cunning grew in Tressland's eyes. "Oh, really," he said, in a perfectly ordinary tone. "I didn't know it was found in these parts. I must walk out and have a look at it."

"Nonsense," said Firth, "it's nothing to see. Besides, you cannot leave the ship."

"Why not? There's a rope ladder over the side into that native boat. I can get down that."

"No, you can't. It's just sunset. You might get lost or left behind, and we don't know when we shall be able to pass the tea-ship. That salt is miles away, too."

As he finished speaking, the captain called him, and he left Tressland still looking at the patch of salt.

About ten o'clock that evening the doctor stepped outside his cabin with a very strong field glass to look at the stars. The silence of the desert was broken only by the inharmonious cries of the donkey boys from Suez, who had camped alongside of the ship in the hope of tempting passengers to go for a moonlight ride.

"Fine donkey, dis one—Missis Cornwallis West, she run fast—you come for ride."

"My donkey, Mr. Gladstone, he much better, he bigger donkey—very strong."

The doctor lowered his glass to the stretches of sand, and found the patch of salt that had so excited Tressland.

As he looked a black mark barred the glistening whiteness—seemed to move slowly round it, and disappeared.

"Tressland, by Jove!" he muttered.

Without an instant's delay he ran along to his cabin and slipped a flask of brandy into his pocket. He was down the rope ladder and ashore in no time, and had soon chartered the best donkey, engaging that the boy should wait by the ship till he came back.

Firth struck his heels into the donkey's sides and found that his choice had been good. For an hour and a half he rode as fast as the donkey would go—straight for the patch of salt. About a quarter of a mile from it he saw a stump sticking out of the sand, and pulling in his donkey, he tied it up securely and walked on as fast as he could. He looked at his watch and found that it was ten minutes past twelve. As he neared the strip of salt he saw what he expected to find.

Right in the centre of the salt, which glittered and sparkled with an unearthly light, lay Tressland. His body was perfectly rigid, his jaw had dropped and his face was drawn and fixed in an expression of mad terror. Beside him lay the bronze plate and the opium pipe, and under one shoulder was the greasy copy of the Koran. Across his mouth was the smoky line, just as it had been the night before—but in the salt on the bronze plate, instead of the characters, was the impress of a left hand, and on the breast of Tressland's coat the same mark glistened in the moonlight. It was as if the hand had been placed on the plate and then pressed over the man's heart, transferring the salt.

Firth stooped down and lifted the man in his arms, and dragged him off the salt patch. He tried to pour brandy down the stiffened throat, and held his watch glass over the blue lips, but in vain. Brushing the salt handprint off Tressland's coat he unbuttoned the waistcoat. On the shirt was the mark, blackened and burnt, and over the heart on the skin it was again repeated, and this was the worst horror of all—for the flesh under where the hand had rested was of a dull purplish blue, and shone with low phosphorescent light, just as bad salt meat would do.

There was not the faintest sign of life. Tressland was stone dead and perfectly rigid. Firth shivered and hastily buttoned his coat over the horrible mark. He buried the opium pipe and the bronze plate in the sand just where Tressland had lain, and put the Koran in his pocket.

Then he fetched his donkey, and placing the dead man across the saddle, he started on his long walk back to the ship. It was one o'clock when he started, and it took him three hours, for the body was so stiff that it was difficult to balance. When he got

back to the ship, the owner of the donkey was the only one left, and he was fast asleep.

Firth tied up the donkey, laid the dead man on the sand and went up the ladder. He woke up one of the officers, telling him that Tressland had died of a fit in the desert and that he wanted to get the body quietly on board.

Together, with the help of a rope tied under the dead man's arms, they got him up the ladder and took him to Firth's cabin.

In the morning the doctor went to the captain and told him that Tressland, the night before, had gone for a walk in the desert, and knowing that the man was subject to fits, he had followed him, found him dead, and brought him back to the ship.

Firth washed the smoke line from Tressland's mouth, but the mark on the heart seemed burnt indelibly into the flesh. The body was taken to Suez and there was buried.

When talk turns on "magic," Firth sits silent, with a queer look in his eyes. He keeps the old copy of the Koran among his other books. The salt still crackles in the binding as he turns the leaves, and he can always see in his mind's eye the horrible hand-mark over Tressland's heart.

And the words in the Koran seem to protrude at him grinningly: "Whoever hath Satan for a companion, an evil companion hath he."

La Petite Gabrielle

THE STORY OF GASCON WHO LOVED HIS WIFE

By J. A. Dobson

JACQUES, the guide, blew a wreath of blue smoke from his pipe and watched the graceful rings as they dissolved in the bracing atmosphere. As they slowly disappeared he turned to his companion and said:

"Y-as, we do not only have the hunt for egsite-a-ment. Each man, M'sieur, has a spot in hees heart that is sore or filled wid joy. You see Gascon," pointing down the path that led into the woods, "he walks away when we laugh and sing. Hees heart has de sore spot, while mine," and he touched his brawny breast, "has only joy."

The young Englishman looked inquiringly up at his guide. He was not so tired after the long hunt that he was an unwilling listener to a story told by the stalwart, merry hearted half-breed, who had so far been the leader in this excursion into the Canadian wilds.

The trophies of the day's success were around them. A huge moose, whose antlers spread out like a miniature tree, lay at their feet. Rupert Gordon gazed at it with pride. It was his shot that had brought it down. The admiration of his companions at his skill had filled him with pardonable elation, and this, with the excitement of the chase, filled his veins with a

strange thrill that drove away all desire for sleep.

"A love story, eh?" he answered, following with his eyes the slowly disappearing figure of Gascon.

"Y-as," said Jacques in the slow, soft accents of the native of the north. "Y-as, Gascon he love his wife."

"She died?" and Gordon settled himself a little more comfortably to listen.

"Y-as, Gascon was not a guide at first. He come here with his wife, ah, so pretty an' so brave. She fear nothing with Gascon. So he build a lit' cabin in the woods an' farm an' hunt an' fish. All roun' heem," and he gave a graceful sweep of his arm, "the woods were full of game, the stre-am alive wid fish, the ground was reech for the maize. An' Gascon was strong, and Gabrielle, y-as, her name was Gabrielle, lived happy when waiting for heem to come back from field or hunt."

Here Jacques stopped and watched again the blue rings from his pipe. The fire snapped and crackled as the huge pine boughs fed the smoldering flames, for the nights were cool, and the warmth of the blaze was most grateful. Gordon also smoked in silence. At the threshold of a tragedy one always involuntarily pauses. One man knew and felt, the other was sympathetic and receptive.

"Y-as, she was happy an' sung an' watched each day until de sun was going down for heem, an' then they talk an' plan. Dis yea-r would bring dem so much, an' nex' yea-r, ah, dat was to be de hap-piest of all. For den dere would be de laugh of a little chile to make mu-sic for the home and make com-panie for Gabrielle.

"One day Gascon came in. He laugh an' tell Gabrielle he heard the bellow of a mo-ose in the woods. He followed an' den had los' heem, but he was su-re he would come back to de spot where he had heard him first. Ah, he would shoot heem, an' de antlers he would hang them over the door an' de skin it would make a cov-er-in' for de floor, An' they both laugh an' be gay, then Gabrielle say:

"De mo-ose is so cruel, so strong, suppose he turn on you?"

"An' Gascon laugh, he so proud of heemself when he shoot, an' tells her not to fear.

"So each day when he goes out, he takes his gun an' tells her:

" 'I will bring back de mo-ose to-night.'

"An' she laugh back at heem a half smile and half tear an' says:

" 'Be careful!'

"But he does not find the mo-ose. He hears heem, but he seems to know, an' where Gascon is he does not come.

"So Gabrielle works in her garden and plants her flowers an' counts the days as they pass.

"It is strange, but with hees fields full of corn, high and wavin' in de breeze, hees garden ripening in de sun, hees wife ten-der and lov-ing, he grows moody. He does not smile as he smokes hees pipe, M'sieu', an' many times hees ears are dull when Gabrielle speaks. She weeps when alone but she does not blame heem. He is bewitch, de mo-ose have bewitch her Gascon. She will pray for heem, an' she goes to her lit' room where hangs de crucifix an' de Blessed Virgin an' prays. You not believe in prayer, M'sieu'? Sometimes when I look at Gascon an' think of Gabrielle I almost doubt, too. For when we wish to do wrong de Evil One seems so near and le bon Dieu so far away.

"De time draws near when de lit' chile shall come. An' Gabrielle has all de lit' clothes laid out and she an' Gascon look at dem an' he almost smile. In hees big hands they are so small, M'sieu', he can not believe they will feet hees lit' chile. An' when he smile so an' look at her she is ver' happy. But Gascon soon grows dull again. He seet an' smoke an' sigh, an' sometimes he swear so dat Gabrielle puts her han' over her ears. She does not laike such words, an' from Gascon—she runs to her room an' her prayers.

"One morning he goes out, an' when he shuttin' de door he says:

" 'I will not come home widout de mo-ose to-night, Gabrielle. If I do not get heem, perhaps I will never come back!' An' before she can say de word of love or warn' he is gone.

"An' she find he has take de food with heem an' she knows he may be

gone de night. An' she seet all day, her work undone, her tears fall so fast she cannot see. An' de night comes an' goes an' no Gascon an' she half wild with de fear an' grief can only walk back an' forth from de door to de windo' of de lit' cabin.

"An' den, while she stands, she hears a loud noise laike de bellow of Pierre LaConte's bull. It come wid a roar an' a noise like de tearin' of de trees of de forest. She listen, an' then she hears a call. It comes so low, so faint, her heart stands steel, for it is de voice of Gascon, an' yet, M'sieu', it ees not.

"She stands affright. Den thro' de woods comes a dash an' a roar an' between de trees she sees de antlers of de mo-ose. She knows now, and she take de gun dat always hangs beside de door an' starts across de lit' clearin' dat lays between de cabin an' de woods. She thinks of nothin' only Gascon, he is in danger. An' then she sees heem. He is slippin' between de trees and de brush, he walk slow, he limp, he is hurt. She runs faster, her breath comes quick. An' den de mo-ose see her. You eve' see a mo-ose wild wid de mad? Ah, when you do it will make you feel laike de whole worl' has gone down side up an' lef' no chance for you.

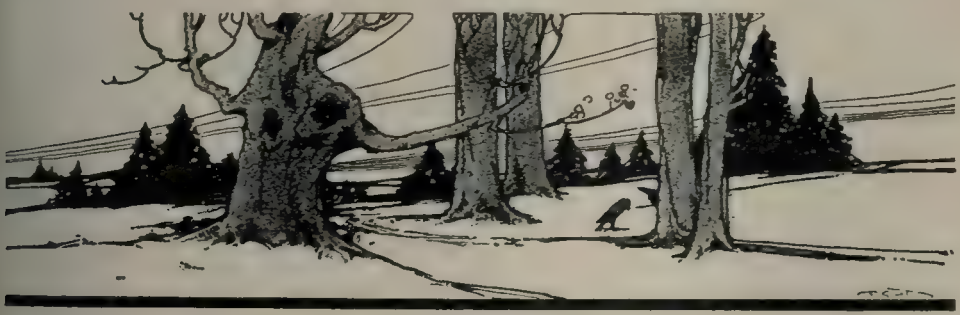
"But Gabrielle did not know an' did not care. Gascon was dere hurt, he go so slow, an' so she run, dis lit' Gabrielle, right to de mo-ose. An' jus' den Gascon see her an' he cry out so loud dat she hears it above de bellow of dat mo-ose.

"'Mon Dieu! Gabrielle! Go back, go back!'

"But she neve' stop. An' de mo-ose run to her, tearin' de branches off de trees an' trampin' de groun' laike there was whole herd comin'. An' den she fired, dat lit' Gabrielle, she fired, an' dat mo-ose stagger an' den run some mo-re. He struck her, M'sieu', struck her to de groun'. den fell slowly on his forefeet an' died.

"Gascon he run laike mad. He speak to Gabrielle, she only moves her eyelids an' press his hand. He take her in his arms an' run to de lit' home, an' den I happened to come along, M'sieu', and went for the good Curé. But he could do lit'. She whispered to Gascon how she had watched for heem de long, long night—an' he knew de rest.

"It was a tiny lit' one they laid on her breast, poor Gabrielle, an' Gascon he come wid us now when we hunt de mo-ose, an' de lit' cabin is empty."



PRAIRIE EXILE

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE.

THE hot rails shimmer in the sun,
The hot west wind blows wide and free.
I smell the pines of English River.
And hear the sobbing of the sea.

My Partner in Crime

By Mary Wheelwright

Illustrated by M. B. Aleshire

OF course I'm old enough to know better.

Jim says so, and I suppose he ought to know. Still, it was a tempting opportunity, and then, he didn't have any business to dare me to do it. I never would take a dare.

I suppose I really started it, because I heard Minnie Welfern playing the pipe organ as Jim and I strolled past St. Wolfgang's one evening, and I dragged him into the jaws of a woman's missionary meeting just to hear Minnie's music. A little missionary goes a long way with Jim, and we had hardly slipped into the backsliders' seat on the last row before he began to solace himself by catching June bugs. You know how they're attracted by lights—especially in church—I've seen a whole Bible training school graduating class routed off the platform by the horrid things. Well, they were thick here, and Jim practised upsetting the poor creatures on the palm of his hand. Of course, they tried frantically to right themselves and fly away, and they certainly did look absurd with their whiskery brown legs waving in ten different directions at once. I couldn't help laughing at their antics, though I tried to smother my giggles in my handkerchief. Jim was as solemn as a funeral. Once in awhile he would look around at me, rather grieved, but patient, and then he would glance apologetically at the lady missionary who was exhorting the other missionaries to renewed efforts in behalf of some place or other in Africa—Borrioboola Gha, I think they called it. I know I've some missionary association with that name. After awhile he dared me to upset one of the June bugs, and I did. Then he suggested that I shy a specially lively kicker at the missionary who was on her feet at the moment, and I did that, too, only he flew before he reached her and got away. I guess he didn't like her looks any more than we did.

About that time, I decided we'd better be going, for the missionaries were eying us coldly, so we departed. Jim had a nonsensical mood in his head, and I couldn't get him to stop talking about crawly things. Was I scared of spiders? or mice? or snakes? or caterpillars—woolly ones? or pinching-bugs? I tried to head him off, but every time he brought the conversation back with a diplomatic yank, and by the time he reached cows, I was armed in frozen silence.

"I'm sure you're afraid of cows," he said. "Big, red cows with horns and no upper teeth. You are afraid, aren't you? I knew you were. Still, it isn't anything to be ashamed of—lots of people are afraid of cows. Why, I knew a roustabout on the St. Lawrence River—weighed two hundred and over—and he would go into cataleptic fits whenever he saw a glass of milk."

Now, I have no particular love for crawly things that walk on the back of your neck, but I'm *not* afraid of cows. I was brought up with them. One of my earliest pets was a big red calf named Rosie, and Rosie took her daily exercises in butting me over as fast as I could get up for fifteen consecutive minutes by the clock. I know something about cows, but I'm not afraid of them. So, after Jim had raveled away for two or three blocks with a string of mythological anecdotes about cows he had met, I began to boil over, which was just what he was waiting for.

"If you'd let anybody get in a word edgewise," I said witheringly, "you might learn that I'm not afraid of cows. I'm—I'm *fond* of cows."

Well, of course, that was just the rise he wanted from me, and he went on sympathizing with me until I could have run a hatpin into him. When we came home, he kept it up, too, and Brother Billy helped him until the front porch shook to the family's amusement. Even Papa remembered about that Rosie calf of mine, and told everything that he could think of whenever the boys stopped to rest their imaginations. I never saw anything like the invention those two boys have about things that don't do anybody any good. If they'd put half the brainwork into something useful, they'd be millionaires by now. But would they do it? No, indeedy! They'd rather put in their time on little sister, and get a chance to remind her that her hair is red. And I can't help the color of my topknot, anyway.

Sunday morning, Billy rattled a tattoo on my door as soon as the sparrows began to chirp.

"Hi, Tinkledots!" said he. "Wake up! Arise, arise, my lady sweet, arise! Get up and milk the condensed cream can. It's late! Are you awake, Fuzzle top, or shall I get the sponge?"

"Yes, I'm awake!" I said. "What do you think I am—a deaf and dumb asylum? I'm awake, and I'm up, and I know we're going fishing, and I'll have the coffee made before you get through raking your haymow. Go along with you."

Billy has that curly kind of hair that takes four military brushes and a bucket of water to subdue even partially. I can always score there, for my hair goes up smooth as silk, even if it is red. But he came down to the kitchen with a smooth and sleek head, just as the coffee came to a boil, and I heard Jim's step on the back walk.

"Top o' the mornin'," sang Billy, in the way that I particularly like.

"Hello, Freckles!" said Jim, putting his head in the pantry window with the milk-can in his teeth. "Want this?"

"Seeing that it's empty, I don't," I answered. "Come in, and have some coffee."

"I hoped you might have learned to milk the gentle bossy-cow by this time," he said, with a heavy sigh of pretended disappointment. "Still, I can be patient. But there's nothing really dangerous about a cow, girlie. You shouldn't entertain unfounded prejudices."

I poured the coffee and we all sat down to the kitchen table. Thank goodness, boys are always too busy to talk when there's anything to eat around, and nothing more happened. We got the fishing tackle and went across the cool, quiet, four-o'clock-in-the-morning streets, down the bluff and across the bottoms to the river. Both the boys were on their good behaviour, and nobody can be any nicer than Jim when he chooses. He's even a little bit nicer than Brother Billy, and that's saying a good deal. So I had a perfectly heavenly time, for the fish rose well, and were game enough to make things exciting until the sun was so high no self-respecting fish would think of taking anybody's bait. Still Billy kept casting and casting, but even he finally gave it up, and voted that we trot back to the bluffs and make lunch-camp. We had *cached* our bacon and beans and coffee in an old hiding-place under a stone when we came down, and we headed straight back to them, getting hungrier every minute.

It was a nice little place where we camped—a sort of shelf in the limestone that jutted out directly above a row of little cottages a hundred feet or so beneath us. There was a big shady tree, and a little rock fireplace, and a nodding bunch of columbines growing in a tiny patch of grass. I let the boys do the work—Brother Billy is a dandy camp-cook, and Jim isn't far behind him—while I loafed and watched the people wandering along to church among the rickety old wooden sidewalks and clumps of willow. I noticed a cow feeding almost directly below me, and idly hunted about for a pebble to throw at her. But the nearest one was out of reach, and I

gave up the attempt. Besides, Billy was calling dinner.

After dinner, when we were all full of contentment and fried fish, the boys took their cigarette-cases out and lay back on the grass.

"Here's a peppermint drop for you, Sis," said Billy, after a teasing sweep of a cigarette before me.

"If you're good, maybe I can find another one by and by. I'll give it to you when you learn to milk a cow. How'll that suit you?"

I just sniffed, for I wasn't in a fighting mood.

"I do wish you boys would let cows alone, and leave me in peace," said I. "I don't see any fun in it."

"I know you don't," chuckled Billy. "But you're so easy, Sis, it's like taking money from home to get you mad. And you're so funny when you do get red-headed. And it's so absurd for you to be so afraid of cows."

"I've told you two hundred and fifty times——" I began, and then stopped short, for both of 'em were going off into fits of laughter.

Well, right there came the turn of my Waterloo. Jim sat up, looked across the bottoms, and saw the peaceful red cow browzing among the willows.

"Here's the chance for Freckles to vindicate herself," says he, chuckling.

Billy leaned over his shoulder and chortled.

"I'll dare you to go down and milk that cow," said Billy, turning to me.

"Oh, that isn't exciting enough," said Jim. "I'll dare her to go and tie the old lady to somebody's front door —no granny knots allowed."

"Done!" said I, and before they could remonstrate, I was half-way down the bluff to the cow. I knew they didn't expect me to do it, or they wouldn't have suggested it, but I was mad, and I went down that hill head-foremost, intent on putting that cow in the most conspicuous place on the East Bottoms, if I lost all my hairpins doing it.

She was a serene, milky-breathed Durham beast, busy with her lunch, and peacefully unconscious of the Sabbath. When I came near, she raised her head and looked sternly at me with the air of an old lady regarding a misbehaving Sunday school scholar. I held out my hand and said, "Soh, Bossy. soh!" She didn't soh; she snorted a kind of bubbly little snort and lowered her head. I backed three or four steps and waited. She snatched another mouthful of grass,and came on watch again. I tried soh-ing her again, and for ten minutes we kept up that game. Then I heard a rustle in the bushes, and Jim stepped out just as I was beginning to have hopes of getting her quieted.

"Virginia!" he said soberly.

"Well?" said I. "Soh, boss! Good girl!" as she snorted again.

"You've done enough. I'll take back my dare. Don't monkey with that cross beast, girl—I won't let you."

"I'm going to monkey with her," said I, with my nose in the air. "And I'm not only going to monkey with her, but I'm going to unhitch her and move her somewhere else. I'm tired of this everlasting ragging about cows. I'm not afraid of cows. I've never been afraid of cows. I never intend to be afraid of cows. And I think it's awfully silly of you to pretend that I am afraid of cows when I'm not. Anyway, I'm going to show you. You go back to camp and let me alone."

I marched upon the picket-pin and yanked it up with one jerk. Madam Bossy promptly stepped out upon the highroad and started decorously homeward. Probably we upset her digestion, and she was glad to get away. I followed her, swinging the picket-pin jauntily. Jim stood among the willows and watched the procession. Some little German children swung on their gate and stared, round-eyed. A hen and her chickens scuttered away, squawking. I glanced up and saw Billy's enchanted grin twinkling above me. I waved one hand to him, and he responded by pointing to a little gray cottage across the street. It had a shiny glass-knob doorbell, just right to tie cows to—one of those old-fashioned bells, you know, that you take hold of and pull to make it ring. I piloted Madam Bossy to the lawn and sneaked up to the porch with the rope in my hand.

Goodness only knows what fancy

dances my heart did when I was tying my double-hitch knot. I was scared to death for fear somebody would come to the door, or pass the house. But I got it done, and then I scooted, leaving the cow to work out her own salvation or the doorbell as she chose. I don't think I ever made quicker time anywhere than I did up that hill. I wanted to get somewhere out of sight before the whole family came out for my blood, and when I reached the ledge I was panting and hot.

"Good work, Sis," said Brother Billy. "You've done it this time. They're just boilin' out of those houses like bees."

I threw myself down beside him and looked. They certainly were. It looked like a country fair.

"You got the minister's house," said Jim, whose dignity had departed in his amusement. "Missionary chap named Jennings. Met him at the Y. M. C. A. the other night. Zephaniah Mission. I guess the racial ructions are rising down there now, all right. The cow's braced to pull the bell out. Three cheers for the cow!"

"All the missionaries are there, anyhow," said I, observing. There was Mrs. Missionary, a kitchen apron over her Sunday black silk, and Mrs. Missionary's little hired girl, with lots of pink ribbons flying, and all the small Missionaries in rattling Sunday starch. All the neighbors were there, too, and such a waving of aprons and poking of pokers, and grabbing of skirts, and shooings I never heard in all my born days. One woman came out and punched at the cow with an ironing board.

"I hope they didn't spot your aurora-borealis hair before you got away, Sis," said Brother Billy. "Why didn't you tie a handkerchief over your head before you went?"

"I'll dye my hair, and wear my dresses wrong-side out, if necessary, for disguise," said I. "Anyhow, I've vindicated my womanly independence, and I feel better. But oh, my cherished grandmothers! What a mess I have stirred up!"

"Bravo!" said Jim suddenly. "Here comes the Prince Albert himself."

Sure enough, there was Brother Jennings gallivanting down the sidewalk, his coat-tails flapping behind him and a small Missionary skipping in the rear. They'd none of them thought to cut the rope, but Mr. Missionary was a man of presence of mind. I don't know what he said—I suppose it must have been Biblical, but I'll bet it was heartfelt.

"He'll pass those German kids that saw you, Freckles," said Jim suddenly, as Mr. Missionary prepared to lead the cow back to her legitimate pasture, "and he'll probably find out the author of the deed. I think we'd better make tracks. I don't want to meet a six-foot missionary with a grievance."

We made tracks. In fact, they were tracks that were a considerable distance apart until we were out of sight and could sit down to gasp awhile. When I got my breath, I turned to those two boys.

"Now, look here, we've got to keep still about this. You just forget about it at home, will you? I'm supposed to be old enough to know better than this, and I don't want to be in disgrace."

"That's all right, Sis," said Brother Billy. "We'll never breathe the word *cow* in the same landscape with you again. You've certainly made it worth the price of admission, though. Gee how that woman with the ironing-board did look!"

And then we all looked at each other shamefacedly for a minute before we began to laugh. It really was a scandalous thing to do.

We will pass over a space, as the Wedded But Parted novels say. Nobody thought to ask us why we got home so early that afternoon, and nothing happened until Wednesday, when Aunt Catherine had callers.

Aunt Catherine is one of those little inoffensive brown women, and all her callers are missionaries, so I wasn't surprised when I heard them talking in the parlor. But I didn't know that she had asked them to supper until I walked in, looking hungry, and was being introduced as "my little niece, Virginia," by Aunt Catherine. I was looking over her head at the time, but she has introduced me that way since

I was six years old and seems unable to break the habit.

"Brother Jennings, Virginia," she purred to me. "He is the new pastor of the Zephaniah Mission, my dear, and we expect great things from him."

Brother Jennings! Of the Zephaniah Mission! Metaphorically speaking, I died right then and there. Billy and I exchanged glances across the head of Sister Jennings—the head that three short days before we had seen in unmissionary disorder before my cow. Billy looked appreciative. He says that I looked dazed.

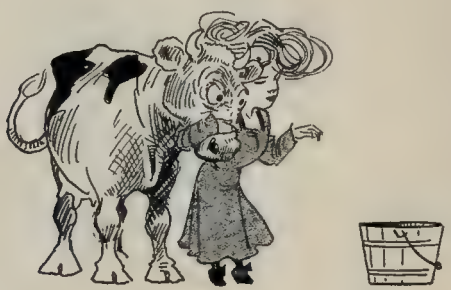
"I fear," he said in his deep chest voice to Aunt Catherine, "I fear that I have to deal with a lawless and unregenerate community. There is manifest a spirit of irreverence that is painful to perceive. If I could secure a few refined young people to work among them, I am sure it would be a great benefit. Now, Miss Virginia—could you not arrange to take a class in our mission? You should be doing your share of labor in the vineyard, you know."

I murmured something or other.

"Your mere example," he went on, "would do so much. I fear the young girls of our community are sadly deficient in womanliness. Last Lord's day one of them attached a neighbor's cow to the doorbell of the manse, and frightened the whole neighborhood—on the Lord's day, when she should be thinking of higher things! I am sure your influence would be a power for good, Miss Virginia."

It was no use. The spectacle of the cow rose before me. The vision of my wild scramble up the bluff to shelter overcame me, and with a hysterical excuse, I fled.

As I slipped through the portieres, I heard Aunt Catherine's deprecating voice explaining that I was so shy!



This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

THE ROMANCE AGE.

DO MOTHERS always sympathize with the "romance age" of their daughters? Did you ever hear your girl singing to herself—in a low voice—a little love-song? You, far away in some upstairs room doing some bit of practical commonplace work—you with your "romance age" over, your dreams come true, your hours filled with dull duties or social obligations or church work. How do you know what thoughts of love and life are locked up in that little heart? You who have forgotten the moonlit nights of long ago, the exquisite thrilling word of love low-spoken, the silences so laden with words, in the gloaming the excitement of the anticipated dance, the delight of the new ball dress—the way you stroked the little dancing shoes in the hope that He would be there—that unknown Prince who figures in every girl's dreams. You have forgotten all that, grown away from it in your fuller life of commonplace practicalities and you have closed the doors behind you. Some tone in the little girl's voice singing to herself downstairs opens those doors for a moment, and Remembrance, rose-scented, flows back and for a little while you are young again—and oh, so fresh and pretty and yearning and lonely, just like the little girl downstairs who is hiding all these in her heart as you did long ago.

Sweet youth with its desires and unrests and hopes and fancies! Perhaps as the low song goes on, an exquisite tear softens the eye, a great warm wave of understanding for all that is human and lonely and beautiful sweeps over the heart, and you remember how you used to sing "In the Gloaming, Oh, my Darling," and "When Sparrows Build," at home evenings when the folks had gone somewhere and you were all alone. How your voice quavered over "Some Day," and you were lost in sorrow over your own life which seemed—poor little life—so sad and lonely and misunderstood. What a lot you've been through since! Disappointment and smashed illusions and ungratified ambitions and sorrow and the dark cloud of Death.

How earnestly you hope the little girl who is singing down there will not have all that to go through, but will find more wayside flowers growing along the road, and fewer hills to climb, and smoother rivers to cross. No rough winds should blow on her if you could prevent it—all the motherhood in you wakes with the little song. Fiercely

protective, it rises as a shield of steel against pain and sorrow upon that little life—the life of your girl. Let all or anything happen to your poor body, suffering and death, but for her—if you could have your way—only rose-wreaths and sunshine. And long after the song has ceased, when you kiss her good-night, your lips linger with gentle pressure, and from your mother's soul flows a wide understanding of all that the song meant and which in some occult or astral way your little girl understands better than if any words were spoken.

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UNDER THE ROSE

THERE was no doubt about it. Something had given ay with a snap, and a black stocking was free to ramble where it listed. A low and grovelling curiosity was dragging it down to inspect the state of its shoes, and she was on the public street and was walking with Him! Now, if it had been one of her own chums—Harry, or red-headed Billy, she would simply say: "See here, Billy, my shoe has come untied, and I want to fix it. No, I won't let you tie it—I'll just step into the next big store and go up to the rest room—" but to talk that way to this stately and bashful individual—never!

How surprised and annoyed he'd be if her—ahem!—hose came down and shuffled around her shoe. How untidy and careless he'd think her! How disgusted with her he'd be for placing him in such an undignified position. He would never take her out again. Just as she had taken him from Letty, too. Back he'll go, for he'll say to himself that Letty would never bring about anything so unpleasant. She, always so neat and tidy, has too much sense and dignity to go about with her hose in jeopardy. Drat that suspender, anyway!

And all this time the stately Mr. H. was talking about Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives"—she hadn't read a word of it—and asking her if it was true that women liked masterful men best—and that stocking was slipping, though she had developed a hop to save it. Then, the hop failing, she slunk along, dragging one foot, till the restaurant whither they were bound hove in sight. Never did marooned sailor on a desert island more wildly welcome a sail. If only she could reach that table without the worst happening. They sat down. She still retained sufficient consciousness to order her favorite cakes to accompany their pot of tea, then eagerly awaited a propitious moment. It will come soon, she told herself cheerfully, and then came the thought that it was not the general custom for young ladies to crawl under refreshment tables and leave the escort eating in solitary widowerhood.

"I wish I were home," she thought, "I wish I had a chaperon—I wish I hadn't come." Then came a happy idea. She wiggled a hairpin from under her turban and slid it down her left side. Then she ducked as though to pick up her handkerchief. He also ducked politely to help her. She mumbled something and dropped her hairpin. By now the stocking was romping gaily over her shoe-top on its wild vacation. Desperation seized her—likewise a brilliant thought. "Please don't mind me," she said, sweetly—"I just trod on the hem of my skirt and tore it and I want to pin it together." Then she swooped sideways, scraped up the wandering hose with her good foot and with a swift turn pinned it tightly round her ankle with the hairpin. "That will hold you awhile," she muttered, as she rose with scarlet face only to hear him knock his head on the edge of the table. He had again ducked politely and had seen the whole proceeding.

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TO THE TRUE FAITH

SOME controversy has been going on lately in Toronto over the question of "converting" the Jews of a certain quarter of the city to Christianity. The Jewish race is composed of deeply religious men and women, and there is only impertinence in our attacking the Hebrew creed—a faith as old and strong and enduring as the very hills, and which—for all we know to the contrary—may be the true faith itself. Has Christianity become so smug and self-assured that it allows none outside its pale, that it accounts as damned the

DID YOU EVER HEAR YOUR GIRL SINGING
TO HERSELF IN A LOW VOICE A
LITTLE LOVE-SONG ?

followers of Buddha, of Mahomet, of Moses—of the thousand and one great prophets and wise men of Eastern creeds, and this when there are dissensions among the Christian Churches themselves, and when even parsons are found questioning the Scriptures and debating as to the truth of this and that passage in the Bible?

No more moral race exists than the Jewish: no more intelligent, intellectual or artistic. We all agree the Jews are masters of finance, but some seem to be loath to attribute to them the other great qualities which undoubtedly are theirs. Their religion is solemn and dignified and worthy of all respect. They are an estimable people, charitable towards one another to an extent unknown among Gentiles. I fail to see what we, followers of the Jewish Son of the Carpenter, may teach them. Why even concern ourselves with the question when our jails are filled with our own people, when the social evil is still thriving among us, and wives are beaten to death by their husbands and little children are mur-

THE PRETTY EMPRESS OF CHINA HAD DELIBERATELY PLANNED TO BE LATE.

dered for gain? There is much need for missionary work among ourselves. The Jews want none of it, and are in need of none of it.

THE OUTCAST EMPRESS

EVERYONE turned to look at her as she entered the London ball-room. The great fancy ball was at its height, for the pretty Empress of China had deliberately planned to be late. She was young and lovely and her make-up was perfect, so perfect that for a long time she puzzled her closest friends. She danced every dance and had she three programmes instead of one they would all have been filled. With her black eyes sparkling, her eyebrows aslant, her small feet in turn-up shoes, her kimono of royal yellow and the great golden flowers behind her ears she looked more Japanese than Chinese. Mysterious purple strokes and squares upon her golden robes proclaimed her of royal descent. Her wig, especially, which had come direct from China, was so becoming that two or three of her girl friends vowed they would wear it or one exactly like it at the next Covent Garden masque. After a jolly night—"the happiest of my life," the girl said—the ball broke up and every one went home, and the prize for the best costumed lady—a very beautiful piece of rare china—was sent to Her Imperial Highness, the Empress San Ann Daik Tal-Yun.

A few weeks after, a very pretty girl closely veiled called on a Harley Street physician. Removing her veil she disclosed a curious mark upon her forehead. The medical man diagnosed it as eczema and treated it accordingly.

But the mark did not disappear, and one month afterwards a weeping girl, all alone, deserted by every friend, was put aboard a vessel sailing from Liverpool. Closely confined in a cabin set aside for that purpose, her food passed in through a revolving shelf in the door, shunned by everyone and viewed through a grille once a day by a highly sterilized physician, the once lovely and happy-hearted child began the dreadful journey that was to end at Molokai, the leper colony, where, while a slow and dreadful disease progressed, she was to wait for the friendly hand of Death. The wig from the East had done its work.

And now, for all this occurred during the current year, every effort is being made to discover who may have worn the wig after this unlucky girl, for surely it has infected others with the terrible disease. Efforts, too, are being made to trace all those who came in contact with her at or since the ball, and many a young fellow who footed it gaily with the Empress of China at the dance a few months ago is quaking at the turn events have taken. "Everyone for himself" says the old adage.

And all the while a mere girl is waiting at Molokai for the only friend she may have in this world, the friend who will lead her out of it.

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PRESENTED AT COURT

EVERY other body seems to have been "presented at Court" this season. A wicked satirist once said that royal drawing rooms were held for the especial benefit of pick-pockets, the King desiring that all his subjects may be able to live. Certainly thieves flock about in numbers whenever there is a Coronation or a Jubilee or a Court Drawing Room.

The Buckingham Palace presentation is an ordeal very different from our dear Dublin ceremonial, where the "Lord Liftinant" used to kiss every debutante on the cheek and so give her a lovely opportunity for blushing. The rehearsals for six weeks previous to the function were the best part of the show. You tie a sheet round you for a train—at least that's the way we do it in Ireland—stick a cock's feather in your head, clear out the drawing room, and with your Aunt for Royalty perched on a high stool, and any male acquaintances who happen to be round doing duty as officials, you begin your peregrinations. Cousin Jimmy—the Lord Chamberlain—chokes with laughter as you advance at a jog, your tail wiggling behind you, your cock's feathers all a-tremble, until you fall in a bundle at the King's feet. The King—Aunt Mary Kate—upsets you with "That will never do. Go back and begin all over again." Back with you, grinning like a griffin and poked in the back by Jim as you paddle on determined to get it right or die. The Lord Liftinant's hand is out ready for the kiss, but you would need the neck of a giraffe to reach it, or else you get so near that you tumble over it and capsize Himself—Aunt Mary Kate—and roll on the floor with her till you were nearly "killed entirely with the laughter".

Then when the great day arrives, you

COUSIN JIMMY—THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN—CHOKES WITH LAUGHTER AS YOU ADVANCE, YOUR TRAIN WIGGLING BEHIND YOU, YOUR DUST-BRUSH BOUQUET GRACEFULLY HELD.

take three hours and a half to get into your things and wait three more hours in a line of other carriages while the joking crowd of the great unwashed make fun of you and the starched and stilted gentlemen in uniforms and swords that get between their legs and trip 'em up, and just as you dismount, somebody blows a whiff of "shag" over you, entreating you to take that into the Castle and give the Lady Liftinant a little of the perfume of the people. But you forget all about it, and everything else when Himself salutes you, and you back over your train and tangle your feet in it and count yourself lucky if you don't fall flat on your back and call upon the hills to cover you.

But the best fun of all was telling all about it to old Bartly Quin, the "gardner" who used to dig and weed, rake and hoe for the munificent sum of tenpence a day "an' a bit to ate"—Bartly required minute descriptions, and he got them flavoured with prodigious lies.

"An' did Himself, the Lord Liftinant, wear his spurs, agra?"

"He did, Bartly, and his stirrups too, and his garters outside his clothes."

"The Lord save us!" said Bartly. "'Tis a quare sight he'd be, I don't doubt. I'm tould he does be kissin' the wimmen."

"He does, Bartly, and he likes it as well."

"Faix an' there's wan woman he couldn't take such a liberty with, an' her name is Mrs. Bartly Quin," said Bartly. "She'd scratch his eyes out."

I can see Lord Aberdeen's face if he found that it was obligatory on him to salute the chaste cheek of Bridgeen Quin.

"He'd faint sooner, Bartly."

"Bedad, 'twould be safer for him," said Bartly.

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PHONETIC SPELLING

HERE is a small puzzle with which to while away an idle moment. I picked it up for a song and popped it into my pack. You can have it for another.

A man received one morning the following bill from a phonetic creditor who demanded immediate payment:

Osvorada
Avordeos
Vechinonimome } £2.

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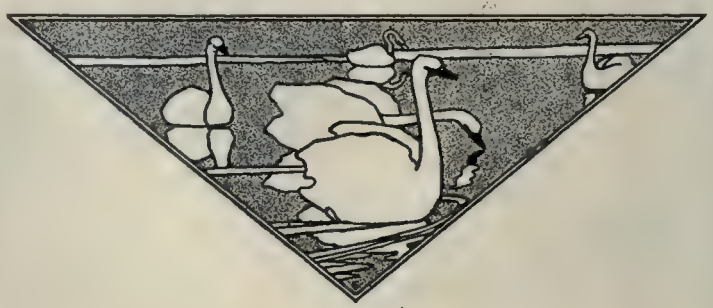
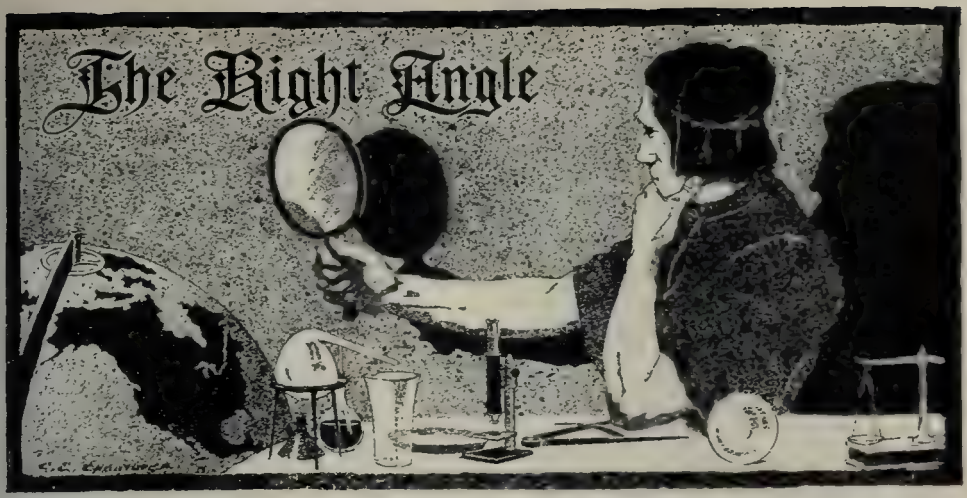
THE PAGEANT OF SUMMER

THE golden summer is slowly passing Already the faint blue haze of autumn is crowning the tree-tops in the valley. The leaves are heavy with dust and have lost their lovely young freshness. The birds have reared their young and many are turning their thoughts southward and thinking of flocking time. The nights are sultry and town is comparatively empty. People are still coming and going upon their holidays and royal September and purple October are yet to come, loveliest time of all the year. Yet we cannot see summer whom we welcomed so eagerly, going slowly across the hills of Time—not to return for some of us—never to return quite the same for the girl who heard her first love story on some night in June, or the bride on whose finger the heavy ring was slipped under the misty veil. Yes, the roses are fading, the petals are dropping and a touch of sadness creeps into the heart of summer.





WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MONEY-MAD FARMING.

IN the campaign for better agriculture which CANADA MONTHLY has been waging in the series of articles entitled "'Money-Mad Farming" is involved a big and important issue—a matter vital to the whole nation. Farming questions are ordinarily confined to agricultural journals and farm bulletins which reach and interest only a part of the people. But the problem presented in the West by continued wheat cropping is more than a "trade" question—it has a nation-wide significance that gives it no limited audience, but one that embraces every man who has Canada's interests at heart.

This is probably the first time that a standard magazine of general circulation has gone into an extended campaign on a purely agricultural question; and by that same token its importance to Canada at large is shown. When we first planned it, we were a little doubtful how many people would realize the seriousness of the danger we were prophesying. But no sooner was the first number issued than we began to receive comments. Men in all businesses—manufacturers, financiers, merchants, as well as all the soil experts and experiment station men in Canada told us that we were doing the right thing or wrote us letters of approval and encouragement.

W. A. Wilson, of the Saskatchewan department of agriculture, wrote: "I am very much in sympathy with your undertaking to show the advantages of the more general adoption of diversified farming methods in Canada and to oppose the straight wheat farming." A. Frank Mantle, the provincial deputy minister of agriculture wrote: "I am in thorough sympathy with your movement. The subject of the profits to be derived from diversified farming as compared to exclusive grain-growing will, I understand, be taken up by the college of agriculture as soon as their organization work permits." In the same letter he states that if any doubting Thomas requires to be shown to what extent continued wheat-growing depletes the soil, Professor Shutt's bulletin on the subject contains "valuable

data concerning the rate at which nitrogen is being worked out of our best soils under the system of continuous grain-growing."

Supporting Professor Shutt's elaborate and detailed testimony as contained in his bulletin, W. A. Munro, of the Rosthern Experimental Farm, writes us: "Regarding the advisability of the general adoption of diversified farming as opposed to continuous wheat farming, it is *the only permanent basis upon which agriculture can be carried on.* When the results of your investigations are published, I should like to read them and use them in my work lecturing to the farmers."

These are strong words, but in our belief they are fully justified. W. C. McKillican, of the Brandon Experimental Farm, affirms it even more emphatically. His letter is quoted by Mr. Croasdell elsewhere in this number. "There is no question," he says, "but that the system of growing grain only cannot continue. It robs the land of its fertility, and of its physical texture." Mr. Fairfield, of the Lethbridge Experimental Farm, says the same thing. On the eve of his retirement recently from office, Dr. William Saunders, Dominion director of the experiment farms and father of the experiment farm idea, wrote us reiterating his faith in mixed farming and urging that the good work be kept up. "Remember, the keeping of cattle gives the farmer employment during the winter months and thus enables him to utilize his time to advantage." He also stated that even where wheat could be grown to great advantage and where it was more profitable than the mixed crop would be, the practice has its serious dangers which every wheat farmer sooner or later would come to realize.

Other men of equal experience and authority corroborate the letters quoted above, and in addition to the experts, the practical farmers who do their work with their brains instead of their muscles alone have written to us commending the articles and encouraging us to print more of them.

We shall continue to run the "Money-mad Farming" series from month to month, preaching the mixed farming gospel. Mr. Croasdell and other men who have studied the farming question first hand will deal with varying phases of the subject, and we believe their work will be of genuine practical help to Western Canada. If they make so much as one farmer discontinue the constant all-wheat production that is slowly sapping Canada's fertile soil, they will have been worth while—but the results will not be confined to one farm, or two, or a dozen—it is our sincere belief that the farmers of Canada are wide-awake enough and patriotic enough to avoid a real danger once it is pointed out to them, and that the cause of mixed farming all over the West will be definitely helped by these articles.

AN EDMONTON LEADER.

MALCOLM MELVILLE, which, by the way, is only the pen-name of a prominent Edmontonian, in writing of certain of Canada's Trail Blazers says:

THE REV. DR. McQUEEN OF EDMONTON.
Twenty-five years ago he left home to become a missionary in the then far-off foreign field of Edmonton.

"Some men must play a very large part in the developing and settling of new countries, and the moulding of their characters. Of such is the Rev. Dr. McQueen, of Edmonton.

"Many years ago, long before railways were dreamed of in the country west of Edmonton, or even in Edmonton itself, when the buffalo roamed the plains, and even trails were not cut out, men and women came to Edmonton to make homes. Some may have fancied in their rosiest dreams that a day would come when street-cars would

run on Jasper Avenue, then only a trail, but there were no real signs of the advance of such a miracle.

"Of those who journeyed westward, some came for adventure, some came for gain, and others to cheer and comfort. Among the latter is the Rev. Dr. McQueen, now of the First Presbyterian Church of Edmonton. Some twenty-five years ago he left home and people to become a missionary in this then far-off foreign field, and many have blessed the day that he set foot in the Province. Though many of his original flock lie chilled in the dust of their long home, their children worship still at the shrine he so ably adorns. Reverend, kind, charitable and considerate of the shortcomings of his fellow-men, no one can meet Dr. McQueen without being impressed by his Christian bearing, or fail to recognize in him a true disciple of the Galilean.

"In those long-ago days he faced long, lonely sleigh-rides in the depth of winter to speak a cheering and consoling word to a brother passing hence, and to-day he keeps the same manly spirit, uncorrupted by ostentation or pulpit rhetoric, and offers the same kindly grasp of greeting that cheered the lonely wanderer sick and far away from kith and kin. Men of this stamp do more to mould the essential character of a new country than we realize, and although Dr. McQueen will probably never receive the recognition he deserves, the Master will surely give him his reward. Many young men and women of Edmonton remember how, when temptation was very hard to bear, Dr. McQueen looked with them across the broad field of dissipation and destruction, and with kindly sympathy and understanding led them again to the still waters of peace.

"When many public men now better known have long been dust and their very names forgotten, Dr. McQueen will be remembered in Edmonton for his courage, charity, and goodness of heart and soul."

MR. OPTIMIST'S DISPOSITION

DID you ever see one of those foolish little weather-forecasters on which if the day were to be fair, the overalls of the pictured small boy were pink; if it were to be rainy, blue? In my childhood days those overalls were an insoluble mystery, a source of never-ending speculation; and even to this hour I have a lingering respect for that youngster who knew so accurately when one would be captured and forced to wear his rubbers to school.

Besides, those overalls had a symbolic significance. Who does not feel metaphorically blue when the rain drives persistently against the flowing window-sash, and the chickens stand dismally on one leg under the shed, and the road is a silver mirror for the grey and weeping heaven? Who has not flattened his small nose disconsolately on the dripping pane and repeated the old rhyme:

> Rain, rain, go away,
> Come again another day.

though without much hope of its doing good, considering the number of previous failures? Who has not had an umbrella snatched from his grasp and turned into a mere weltering wreck of twisted ribs and useless silk? Who has not been caught unawares and drenched by the unrelenting weather? Decidedly, those overalls ought to have turned indigo instead of delicate sky; and the man who said, "When God sorts out the weather an' sends rain, w'y, rain's my choice," should be tabooed by the Poet's Union. It's a wonder that people who live in wet climates have any disposition at all.

Now, there's Mr. Optimist, of Calgary, and Mrs. Optimist and the brood of little Optimists. Arthur Stringer introduced you to Mr. Optimist not very long ago, the only trouble being that he confined his hero to Calgary. The Optimist family live in every city amd town and hamlet in Western Canada, and it is our private opinion that the mellow sunshine of "sunny Alberta" and sunny Saskatchewan and sunny Manitoba has a good deal to do with their dispositions.

Rain on the prairie is not a beating, dreary, all-day affair that whistles, and drizzles, and thins for an hour and wipes out the world and the henhouse in Scotch mist, and is still at it

when you wake up next morning. One of the little Optimists, his potato-brown thatch bleached taffy-color with the sun, spies a shower forty miles away, looming up black and thunder-headed. Mrs. Optimist gathers in the drying dish-towels, shuts the wood-shed door, and watches the cloud from the west window. Will it follow the valley and rain on the oats, or will it go north of the ridge and miss the quarter completely?

There is a faint coolness in the air, a forerunner of the storm that is steadily driving across the sky, and darkening the brilliant day. Shadowy and more shadowy it grows, while the men come up from the field and stable the horses. Patches of blue and purple and dull olive star the tawny of the prairie; a big drop falls. Then comes the wind, and with a wall of bending grasses before it, the storm is upon you, blotting out the universe in a drumming white sheet of rain. For an hour it pours as if the bung were out of the up-stairs water-barrel; clears up as suddenly as it came; and departs in a prismatic glory of rainbows, while the fields lift up their drop-weighted heads, and the meadow-larks sing as if they were demented. But there are no gray days, no persistent drizzles, no chill and dispiriting mists in the air, and it is no wonder that Mr. and Mrs. Optimist and all the little Optimists wear faces as sunny as the sky and look as cheerful as a morning robin topping-off his breakfast with a cherry.

"It's all right!" is the universal gospel of Canada. Big and breezy and good-natured Mr. Optimist smiles at you as he says it. "Everything's all right—bound to be all right." And we'll venture there isn't a pair of blue-weather overalls in all Western Canada.

UNCHRONICLED CELEBRATIONS

IT is a curious and moving thing to think of how many people in how many far places were thinking at a certain hour on June 22nd of King George and Queen Mary, and the stately pageant among the shadowy arches of Westminster Abbey, where the Archbishop of Canterbury said the time-honored words that made George V. a king.

No other country could muster its subjects from so many parts of the world on a coronation day. India and Ceylon among the palm-trees; Australia, where the hot winds blow through Torres Strait; far-flung Auckland, where the island girls sing on the wharves and the lazy streets whisper with the sound of bare feet; the baked levels of South Africa; the stairwayed streets of Quebec; the flaring frame highway of Dawson, all bore one thought that day, and expressed it with pageant or Union Jack or speech or merely a thought sent out across the seas to old London.

Most of the celebrations in far-away places where newspaper and magazine are not will forever remain unchronicled and unknown to the world at large, but there is one which came to our knowledge that is perhaps as picturesque as any. About the hour of the Coronation in London the steamship Princess May, of the Canadian Pacific's Coast Alaska service, came abreast of the great Taku Glacier, on American soil. The ship was dressed with flags and a salute fired. Immediately afterwards the passengers and crew united in singing "God Save the King," a number of American passengers joining.

Curious, is it not? In Westminster, the Archbishop and the holy oil on the head of the new-crowned king: and half-a-world away a coastwise steamer slipping along the face of a prehistoric glacier, and firing a salute in his honor, while descendants of the men who fought against the fourth George joined with Englishmen in singing the praise of his successor and namesake.

THE CHINESE VIEW.

A WOMAN missionary in China was taking tea with a mandarin's eight wives. The Chinese ladies examined her clothing, her hair, her teeth, and so on, but her feet especially amazed them.

"Why," cried one, "you can walk and run as well as a man."

"Yes, to be sure," said the missionary.

"Can you ride a horse, and swim, too?"

"Yes."

"Then you must be as strong as a man!"

"I am."

"And you wouldn't let a man beat you—not even if he was your husband—would you?"

"Indeed I wouldn't!" the missionary said.

The mandarin's eight wives looked at one another, nodding their heads. Then the oldest said, softly:

"Now I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid!"

THE PERILOUS VERGE.

AN actor, famous in monologue and as an impromptu wag, was a good deal the worse for several days' hitting 'em up and was lurching up Portage Avenue one night in the middle of the street. An acquaintance called out:

"Hey, Jimmy! Why don't you take the sidewalk?"

"Who do you think I am?" rejoined James. "Blondin?"

LONG TIME ORDERS.

JOE McHUGH once came into a newspaper office after a round of the hotels on just such a hot Sunday as can be pictured readily now. He narrated a conversation between three travelling men precipitated by the complaint of one that the hot weather made the sale of his goods impossible.

The other two listened while he wailed.

Finally No. 2 said: "Quit your kicking. I haven't made a sale since last February."

"What do you sell?" asked No. 1.

"Snow plows."

No. 3 came to bat. "It will be a year in August since I got an order," he said.

"What is your line?" asked No. 1 and No. 2 in chorus.

"Suspension bridges."

WHEN THE, ETC.

WHEN the class goes for a picnic, and they find a sylvan glade,
And somebody tips the barrel that contains the lemonade,
And some one falls from the hammock, and the teacher wants to swear
But must smile with saintly patience When a twig pulls off her hair,
O, it's then that hearts are joyous and it's then that life is gay,
When the class all gets sun-blistered on its happy picnic day,
And you sit you down to dinner but you rise to frown and sigh,
For the bugs are in the ice cream and the ants are in the pie.